

THE GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1991 • \$3.95

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THE WOMAN
SENATOR CHARLES
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RESIST

INTERVIEW
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MAXWELL

PLAYBOY'S
FASHION
BLOWOUT

PIGSKIN
PREVIEW



By ASA BABER

Most of the women in your life are still celebrating *Thelma & Louise*, a film released by MGM/Pathé last May. Directed by Ridley Scott, starring Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon, it made the cover of *Time* ("Why *Thelma & Louise* Strikes a Nerve") and *The New York Times* practically enshrined it ("*Thelma & Louise* is transcendent in every way").

Just a minute, now. Transcendent in every way? For whom, exactly? For most women, perhaps. But for most men, *Thelma & Louise* is a mixed bag of mixed signals. It mocks us and dismisses us, and it does so with subterfuge and shrewdness.

The fact that *Thelma & Louise* is a good movie makes its politics even more sly and seductive. The acting, directing and editing are excellent. But *Thelma & Louise* is also a film that trashes men. A strong element of antimale sexism runs through it, even though the folks connected with the film deny it.

"This is an adventure film," says Callie Khouri, the scriptwriter. "It's a film about women outlaws. People should just relax."

"It's outrageous for people to say, 'Poor men, they're being bashed in this movie! Ooh! Poor us!'" Davis says. "I think there's something like seven or eight men in the movie, and in my opinion, they sort of cover a very broad spectrum. It's pretty darn fair."

"It could easily become a feminist lecture," Scott says. "The script is so beautifully disguised in its comedic aspects without smothering its message."

These kinds of disingenuous statements are examples of what I call guerrilla feminism. There's a lot of it in the world of this film—and in our lives today.

The story line of *Thelma & Louise* is relatively simple. Louise (Sarandon) is a wisecracking waitress who talks her good friend Thelma (Davis) into leaving her husband for a few days. Thelma and Louise drive off in a Thunderbird convertible, and a female buddy film is born.

As in all buddy films, something happens. Thelma and Louise stop at a bar for a few drinks. Thelma gets loaded. Liberated from her oafish husband (a man who never cooks a meal for himself—get it?), she ends up drunk as a skunk in a parking lot with a guy named Harlan (Timothy Carhart).

Now, you might ask what signals Thelma is sending Harlan with her behavior, since she has been dancing and drinking



GUERRILLA FEMINISM

and flirting openly with him for some time, but let that pass. (*Time* glosses over this question by writing, "They stop at a roadhouse for a drink. One of its resident lounge lizards mistakes Thelma's naïve flirtatiousness for a come-on.")

When Thelma resists Harlan's advances, he slaps her around. Even worse, he then tries to rape her. Louise happens upon the scene, pulls out a handgun, tells Harlan to stop what he is doing. Harlan stops but becomes verbally abusive in his own drunken fashion. Louise shoots him point-blank in the chest. Harlan dies. Pronto. Thelma and Louise take off from the scene of the crime and become fugitives from the law. On the run, the two women accelerate their liberation through increasingly bold escapades.

Thelma gets the hots for a young hitchhiker named J.D. (Brad Pitt), a cowpoke who makes love to her, then steals her money and leaves her. She and Louise get the drop on a state trooper who is suspicious of them, and they lock him in the trunk of his car—but not before they steal his pistol and he cracks up and weeps and moans and groans (you know how those male state troopers are under pressure). Thelma robs a convenience store successfully and, later, the two women destroy a fuel tanker driven

by an obnoxious trucker.

At last, Thelma and Louise reach their finale. They are at the end of their road, trapped by insensitive lawmen and a police investigator named Hal (Harvey Keitel) who suddenly becomes meek and ineffective as the showdown develops (you know how those male police investigators are under pressure).

Thelma and Louise choose suicide instead of surrendering to the authorities. Sisters forever, hands raised and clasped in solidarity, they drive straight off a cliff. They fly courageously into the abyss of certain death and eternal companionship. Freeze-frame, fade-out, credits.

Thelma & Louise presents men as basically clumsy and cruel and powerless, but it also tells a good story with some good humor. In that sense, it often succeeds as a movie. Davis and Sarandon play tough, gritty, beautiful women. As a man watching them, I was attracted to them at first, and I did like them—until I realized that if I met them on the street, they would probably blow me away if I violated their standards of protocol and etiquette. And therein lies the meanest and deepest message of this slick cinematic exercise.

I remember a *Donahue* show of last May in which a woman who had been one of the many wives of an oft-married man was asked, "Why did you pull a thirty-eight on him?"

She did not hesitate. "Because he needed killing," she answered with a smile. The audience cheered.

The most primitive message behind *Thelma & Louise* is that a lot of men need killing these days. This is an acceptable, even amusing, proposition in our contemporary society. And I suggest that, as men, we had better be alert to it.

As men, we are accustomed to being considered expendable in both war and peace. But the standard feminist celebration of male expendability is relatively new to us, and very difficult to handle, especially when, like all good guerrillas, its perpetrators deny their motivations.

Thelma & Louise is appealing at times. It is also prejudiced and sexist at its core. It faithfully represents our era, a time when feminists can bask in the glory of their increasingly harsh sexism toward men—and even win Oscar nominations for it.



IF DEATH WERE TELEVISED

how the networks would turn 2437 inmates on death row into overnight celebrities

• *Killing the Cop Killers*—7 P.M. on NBC. Host William Shatner presents Kenneth Allen, who shot and killed Chicago police officers William Bosak and Roger Van Shaick on March 3, 1979, in retaliation for police having confiscated weapons from his home three months earlier. Death by lethal injection. Roy Bruce Smith, a Virginia man who armed himself, then vowed to kill the first policeman he saw, lured Sergeant John Conner III to his house, wounded him, then killed him with a shot to the head. Death by electrocution.

• *Sex and Death—Revenge on Rapists*—7:30 P.M. on CBS. Host Charles Bronson features murder/rapists Hernando Williams, 35, who raped and murdered Linda Goldstone, a natural-child-birth instructor at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago. He drove around for 36 hours with her in his trunk before shooting her to death. Freddie Taylor, who raped and bludgeoned to death an 84-year-old Richmond, California, woman. Death by gas.

• *The Monsters Meet Their Maker*—9 P.M. on ABC. Host Anthony Hopkins presents John Wayne Gacy, an Illinois man convicted of 33 counts of murder in 1978 after authorities discovered 29 bodies of young men and boys buried in the crawl space of his Norwood Park Township home and four more bodies in the Des Plaines River. Death by lethal injection. Richard Benson, a drug-addicted pedophile, killed Laura Camargo and her 23-month-old son with a claw hammer, then abducted her three- and four-year-old daughters. He raped the two girls over a two-day period before

killing them with the claw hammer. Death by gas.

• *Crime of Passion*—9:30 P.M. on WGN. Hosted by Dr. Ruth, featuring Charles Silagy, who choked, stabbed and stomped to death his girlfriend, Cheryl Block, and her sister Anne Waters after discovering that they had attended a male strip show. Death by lethal injection.

• *Soul Brothers—the Show That Integrated Prime-Time Television*—10 P.M. on ESPN. Of the 2437 inmates on death row, 966 (39.32 percent) are black,

Perfect)—11 P.M. on NBC. On tonight's show, see a clip of a prisoner electrocuted three times because the straps weren't tightened. Appreciate the irony of a stay of execution delivered to the state supreme court three days after a condemned man is hanged.

• *The Death of an Innocent Man*—12 midnight on PBS. Since 1905, 23 innocent citizens have been executed by the state. Hosted by Adam Bedau and Michael Radelet, authors of a *Stanford Law Review* article that uncovered 350 cases in which innocent citizens had

been convicted of capital crimes. Tonight's show presents the 1945 execution of William Anderson, a black man convicted of the rape of a white woman. He was executed without appellate review five months after his arrest. The governor's file on the case includes a letter from the local sheriff, pleading for a prompt execution and saying in part, "I would appreciate special attention in this case before some sympathizing organization gets hold of it." In all likelihood, no felony had been committed in



170 (6.91 percent) are Hispanic, 45 (1.83 percent) are Native American. Tonight's show features Raymond Stewart, who murdered Rockford, Illinois, grocer William Fredd, 54, and stockboy Albert Pearson, 20, on January 27, 1981, at the start of a shooting spree that took four more lives by week's end. Death by lethal injection.

• *Door Number Two*—10:30 P.M. on NBC. Hosted by Monty Hall. What will it be—lethal injection or hanging (Delaware), lethal injection or firing squad (Idaho), lethal injection or electrocution (Arkansas)? Watch inmates make the choice of their lives.

• *Bloopers (The Justice System Isn't*

the first place: According to co-workers, Anderson and the supposed victim had been consensually intimate for several months before rape charges were filed.

On June 10, 1991, a Federal judge ruled that a public-television station in San Francisco did not have the right to televise executions. The prison warden worried that agitated inmates might throw the camera through the glass window of the gas chamber. The Federal judge worried that agitated Americans might throw their television sets through the justice system.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

POWDER PUFFS

When Utah passed a law that theoretically threatened the death penalty for women who had abortions (*The Playboy Forum*, August), I was outraged. When I read a news story about a boycott of Utah ski resorts that had generated a T-shirt with the slogan I'M PRO-CHOICE. I SKI COLORADO, I thought I'd found an outlet for my anger. Tracking down the shirt proved to be frustrating: The national office of Planned Parenthood didn't know anything about the shirt but thought it was a great idea. Neither the Utah branch of NOW nor the Utah branch of Planned Parenthood knew anything about it and suggested that maybe their Colorado colleagues were the brains behind the concept. Colorado thought the shirt was a great idea but didn't know anything about it, either. I then contacted NARAL (National Abortion Rights Action League) in Utah, certain my quest would come to a satisfying end. No dice—and no shirt. Finally, I contacted the writer who had reported the item in *The Village Voice*. It turns out the writer had never seen the shirt but thought it was an idea worthy of some press. It makes me wonder if boycotts are real or just more wishful thinking.

Terry White

New York, New York

Boycotts are a difficult and unreliable measure of support. At best they generate headlines, anecdotes, bumper stickers and fashion statements. Theoretically, every sports enthusiast who did not ski during the summer months could be counted as a boycott participant. Such skewed and arbitrary roll calls provide some insight into the questionable success of any boycott declared by the far right. If you have the courage of conviction, don't avoid Utah. Go there, find a local and use the chair lift as a forum for debate.

LIKE FATHER

For years, I've wondered what drove the Reverend Donald Wildmon to find porn in everything from *The Golden*



FOR THE RECORD

IMMACULATE CONTRACEPTION

The Wall Street Journal reports that abortion-rights activists, in an effort to reduce unwanted pregnancies, plan to campaign for better sex education and easier access to contraception. Here are the two voices of the story, one pro-choice, the other pro-life:

"We have to make abortion not more dangerous and more difficult but less necessary. Our opponents have difficulty with this, because it means that we have to talk about some things they don't want to talk about, like contraception and sex and sexuality."

—KATE MICHELMAN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL ABORTION RIGHTS ACTION LEAGUE

"Contraception is not going to increase respect for life. It's only a way to stop the natural outcome of sex. In individual cases, contraception might stop a 17-year-old girl from getting pregnant. But in the big picture, contraception does not help engender respect for ourselves or for human life."

—HELEN ALVARE, DIRECTOR OF PLANNING AND INFORMATION FOR THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC BISHOPS SECRETARIAT FOR PRO-LIFE ACTIVITIES

Girls to Saturday Night Live. When *Inside Media* recently ran a profile on the censor/bluenose, I found my answer: It appears that Reverend Wildmon's dad was a venereal-disease investigator with the health department. Can you imagine what Donnie-boy's first encounter

with the facts of life must have looked like? Charts of chancre sores? Slide samples of discharge? Wildmon's father got to indulge in impromptu V.D. education ("You slept with a slut, son, it's going to fall off"). When Wildmon rides herd on advertisers ("You promote promiscuity, Chairman Iacocca, your sales are going to fall off"), he is just carrying on the family business, but instead of giving short-arm inspections to poor dirt farmers in Mississippi, Don stares at the tube for signs of disease. I guess he couldn't bring himself to handle the real thing.

Nathaniel Bynner

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

Ontario, one of Canada's highest-profile provinces, can still exhibit infantile tendencies when dealing with obscenity. Project P, the province's anti-porn task force, sent some of its officers in with municipal forces to raid 22 Adults Only Video outlets in 13 Ontario cities. The irony of the seizure of some ten titles is that all the films had been passed by the Film Review Board, Ontario's arbiter of public morality. However, rather than admit their mistake, police charged that some of the other films do contain scenes of bestiality. These scenes included one in which the so-called gratuitous degradation involved a woman inserting a *rubber snake* into her vagina. In spite of such obviously trumped-up charges, the owner of the video-store chain is awaiting a court appearance. There has been no official comment, as yet, from the Ontario Society Monitoring Rubber-Snake Activities.

J. Paul Sutter

London, Ontario

PINUPS

In "The War on Nudity, Part One: The Great Pinup Controversy" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), you write, "A repressed attitude toward sex is not one of those handicaps deserving special

intervention." Even the most sexually liberated, wild and free woman doesn't necessarily want photographs of nude women and female genitals prominently displayed. Pinups may serve to "express the robust community values of the shipyard." They can also serve to remind women that they are different from their male colleagues and that they are vulnerable to unwanted sexual attention. Women deserve safe, comfortable havens where they are not constantly surrounded by sexual images, and the workplace should certainly be one of them. Imagine that you accept a well-paying, badly needed job. When you get to work, you discover that all the men there are three inches taller, 40 pounds heavier, more muscular than you, and gay. Your boss gives you a choice of offices. One is peppered with photos of nude men sticking their butts up at the camera, looking over their shoulders salaciously. The other office is not. Which would you choose?

R. Thomas

Newton, Massachusetts

Could we go over the salary bit again?

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

While I enjoyed the humor of "The Blameless Society" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), there is one noteworthy obfuscation. The treatment of Operation Rescue members and Randall Terry by the Los Angeles police was inexcusable. They maliciously beat activists, broke their bones and dragged some through horse manure. To mock what happened to these people as well as insinuate that they deserved it is a pompously biased display of intolerance. It is no better than the unintelligent notion that a rape victim deserved and was looking to be raped because she was dressed in a sexy manner.

Robert J. Correia

Braintree, Massachusetts

Fanaticism begets extremity. You decide who belongs to which fraternity.

VOICE OF SUPPORT

As a subscriber to *Popular Photography*, I enjoyed your comments on the nudity issue ("They Still Shoot Nudes, Don't They?" *The Playboy Forum*, June). I am broad-minded enough and, I hope, intelligent enough to realize that, were I against the publication of nudes in a magazine about general photography, it would not be enough to cause

me to cancel my subscription to the offender. It is to my eternal shame that I did not write in to express my support when I knew there would be a deluge of negative responses such as those you described.

Bruce W. Roberts

Austin, Texas

FEMINIST SLANT

In the outcry of increasing skepticism against date rape, a new voice has been heard. Neil Gilbert, a professor of social welfare at the University of California, Berkeley, took a good hard look at the stats being thrown around and came up with some interesting conclusions.

"Sociologist Mary Koss's survey of 6159 college students, sponsored by *Ms.* magazine, is the most widely cited study of sexual assault on campus. . . . [Koss's study indicates] that in just one year on college campuses, the 3187 female respondents in this survey reported 862 incidents of rape or attempted rape." This count, Gilbert notes, would mean that the vast majority of women, at some point in college, experience an assault of this kind. Further, Gilbert notes that Koss's broad interpretation of circumstances surrounding an unwanted sexual experience makes no allowances for the vacillation and ambiguity often surrounding young people during their first experiences with sexual intimacy.

The most telling aspect of Gilbert's findings came from the respondents themselves. The majority of the women surveyed by Koss disagreed with the operational definition of rape used in the study. Seventy-three percent of those she defined as having been raped did not perceive of themselves as victims. Forty-two percent of these women even had sex again with the men who had "raped" them!

Feminists couch these distort-

ed interpretations in such euphemistic terms as advocacy numbers, claiming that the purpose of using such statistics is to increase awareness of the problem. Gilbert contends that the distorted findings are part of a radical feminist effort to impose new norms on intimacy between the sexes.

Kathy Pearson

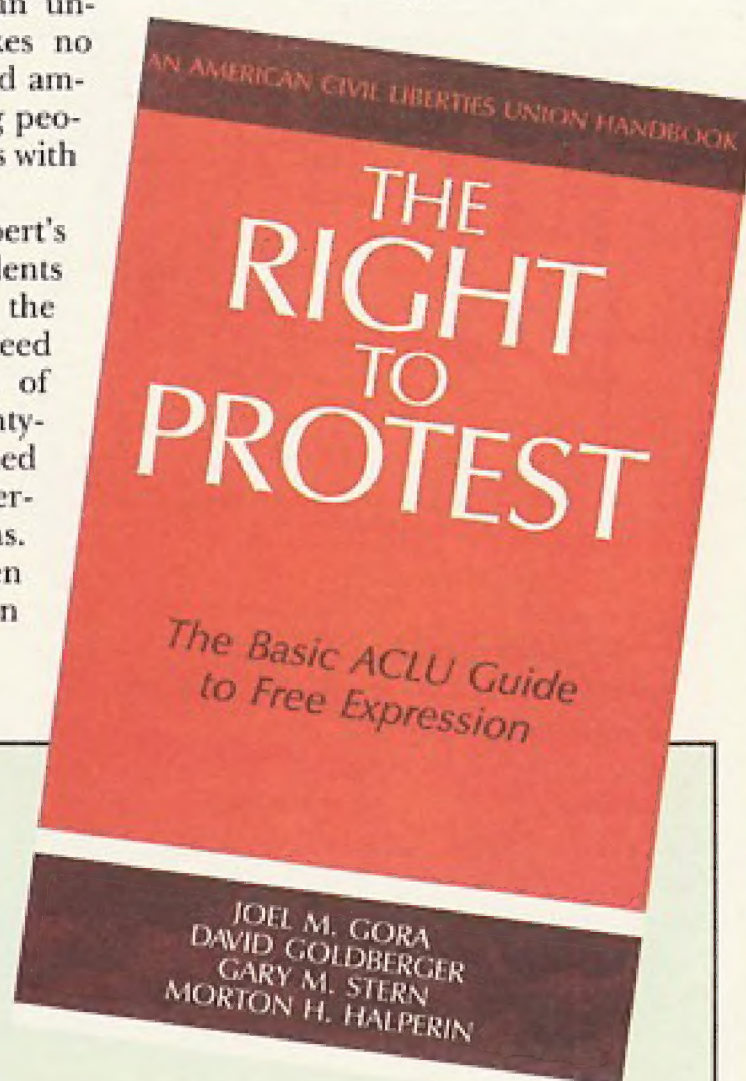
San Francisco, California

SELF-CONTROL

A wise teacher and friend once told me that "anyone could take over a country by simply taking control of three things: freedom of movement, freedom of speech and freedom of expression." In "Guns and Fetuses" (*The Playboy Forum*, August), you state that "a powerful effort is under way to define and control expressions of sex and sexuality." The body has, indeed, become the battleground between conceptions of morality and individual choice. There is an effort under way to attempt to disrupt our constitutional right to separation of church and state. We must support, with our votes and wallets, all efforts to keep our country free.

William H. Wyttenbach, M.D.

Leesburg, Florida



A gift-giving suggestion for the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights—it was this one or a book on making bombs. Available from A.C.L.U., 132 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036, \$8.45.

POLITICALLY CORRECT SPEECH

a guide to who can say what to whom on campus

By Matthew Childs

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

Many universities have codes that discipline students for "offensive" speech. A 1989 American Council on Education and the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators study found that 60 percent of the colleges and universities surveyed had written policies on bigotry, racial harassment or intimidation. Another 11 percent reported that they were developing policies. For example, the University of Michigan's interim speech code prohibits "verbal slurs, invectives or epithets referring to an individual's race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual orientation, creed, national origin, ancestry, age or handicap, made with the purpose of injuring the person to whom the words or actions are directed."

rect term Native American. Thernstrom and Bailyn have dropped the class from their teaching assignments.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A University of Michigan student asserted in a class that he felt that homosexuality was treatable through therapy. The administration sought to discipline him, charging that he had violated the university's speech code that seeks to protect an individual's sexual orientation from ridicule. A district judge has since ruled the code a violation of First Amendment rights.

LOS ANGELES—Tom Flannery, author of 1939: *The Year in Movies*, was accosted over the phone by an NYU student about "misstatements" in the book that the student and his classmates felt were inexcusable. The student was angered that Flannery, in his chapter on *Gone with the Wind*, had referred to director

to help them assimilate, students protested and the president withdrew his invitation, apologizing for appearing "grossly insensitive" to the situation. He said that he'd been wrong in thinking Chavez a proper role model.

CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS

Are you now or have you ever been guilty of the following?

Ableism: prejudice based on someone's physical ability.

Ageism: prejudice based on the age of a person.

Classism: prejudice based on social and/or economic class.

Eurocentrism: prejudice toward anything having to do with Western culture (the most oppressive and inherently evil force in America today).

Lookism: prejudice based on the way people look.

(Based upon a Smith College orientation handout.)

POINT/COUNTER-POINT

Vartan Gregorian, president of Brown University, defending his expulsion of a student on charges of drunkenness, disruptive behavior and harassment:

"The incident was one of loud drunkenness, of shouting anti-Semitic, anti-black, anti-homosexual obscenities . . . at two A.M. . . . This is not a 'free speech' issue. . . . There is a difference between unpopular ideas expressed in a public context and epithets delivered in the context of harassing, intimidating or demeaning behavior. For ten years, Brown freshmen have received the university's 'Tenets of Community Behavior.' . . . The underlying principle of the tenets is that 'a socially responsible

THATCH By JEFF SHESOL

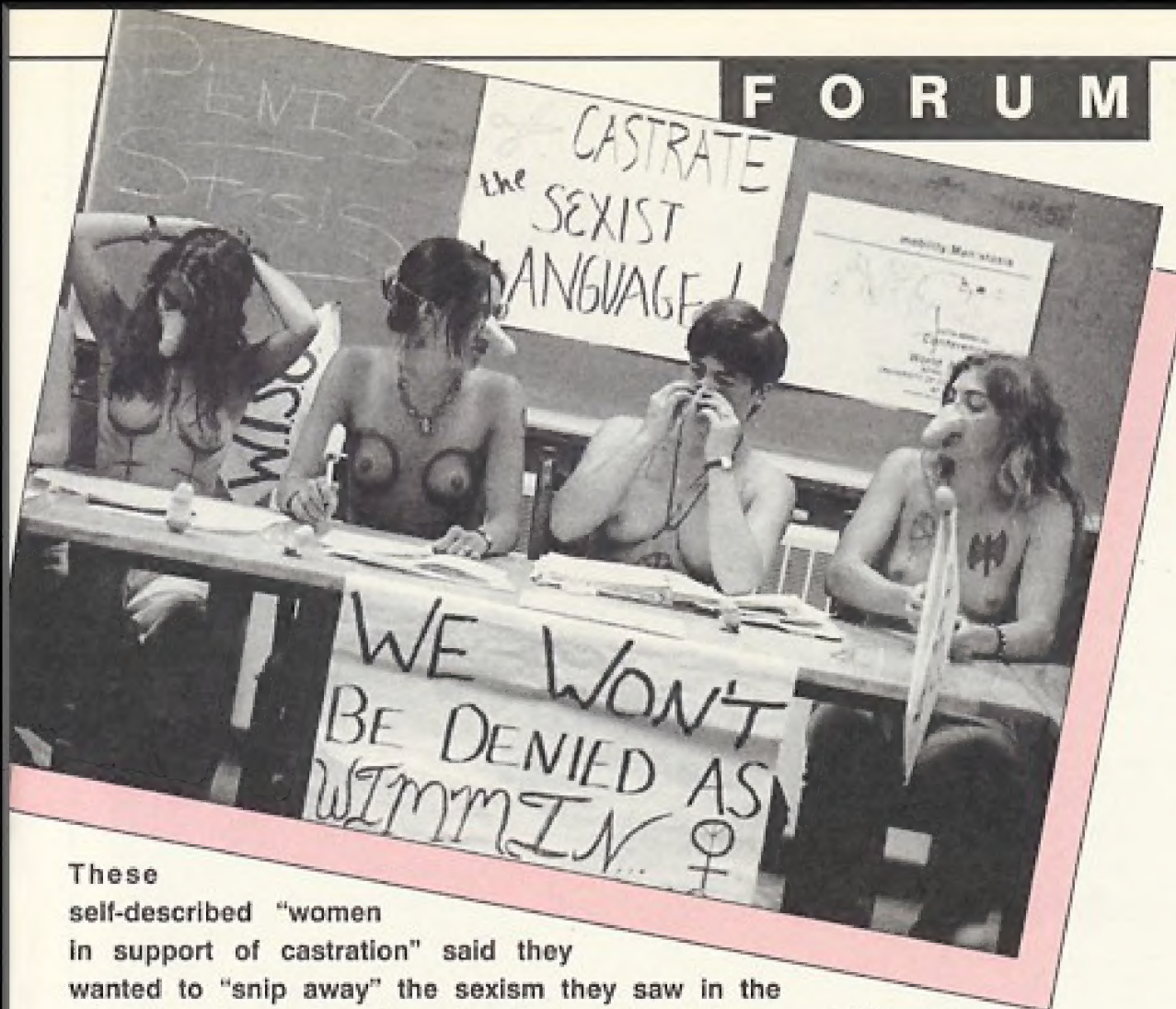


WE SHALL OVERTHROW

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—Harvard professors Stephan Thernstrom and Bernard Bailyn were heckled as racists for teaching a class called *Peopling of America*. The reason: Bailyn used the diary of a Southern plantation owner and did not give equal time to the writings of slaves. He defended himself by saying that no texts written by slaves exist. The accusers also pointed out that Thernstrom used the appellation Indian rather than the politically cor-

George Cukor as a "notorious homosexual." The student called back later to say that they were burning the book on NYU's campus.

GREELEY, COLORADO—Linda Chavez, a Reagan Administration official, was asked to speak at the University of Northern Colorado's 1990 commencement. School officials felt that having a successful Hispanic woman would show support of the "cultural diversity" movement. However, upon learning that she opposed affirmative action and thought that Hispanic immigrants should learn English as soon as possible



These self-described "women in support of castration" said they wanted to "snip away" the sexism they saw in the advertising for, and white-male slant of, the 44th annual Colorado University's World Affairs Conference. To draw attention to their protest, the CU women doffed their hair shirts and donned penis-shaped nose guards.

community provides a structure within which individual freedoms may flourish but not so self-indulgently that they threaten the rights or freedoms of other individuals or groups.' Intellectual independence and social responsibility are not mutually exclusive."

Benno Schmidt, president of Yale University and First Amendment scholar, on Brown University's expulsion of a student for unacceptable speech:

"Universities cannot censor or suppress speech, no matter how obnoxious in content, without violating their justification for existence. . . . It is to elevate fear over the capacity for a liberated and humane mind . . . [and will loose] an utterly open-ended engine of censorship."

MISS MANNERS, DORM MOTHER

Judith Martin, the syndicated columnist Miss Manners, and Gunther Stent, a professor at University of California,

Republican Congressman Henry Hyde of Illinois is sick of "politically correct" universities' telling students what they can and cannot say. His solution lies in his bill, the Collegiate Speech Protection Act of 1991, HR 1380, which reads, "A post-secondary institution . . . shall not make or enforce any rule subjecting any student to disciplinary sanctions solely on the basis of conduct that is . . . protected . . . by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." Currently, only students at public, but not private, schools are guaranteed First Amendment rights.

Hyde introduced the bill in a joint press conference with Nadine Strossen, the president of the American Civil Liberties Union, an odd bedfellow for a conservative "family values" politician. For nearly 15 years, the A.C.L.U. has battled Hyde's namesake legislation that stopped the Federal Government from helping poor women get abortions. Hyde's campus bill puts the unborn aside and concentrates on the merely impressionable.

Hyde has not always been so en-

THE HYDE SOLUTION

By Ted C. Fishman

thusiastic about free expression:

- In 1988, Hyde hailed Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography, saying it would "produce a lasting legacy of hope."

- In 1989, Hyde cosponsored a constitutional amendment to void the Supreme Court's protection of flag burners. "[The flag] is . . . like the Sacrament in the Catholic Church," he said.

- In 1990, Hyde voted against funding the NEA. The Government, he thought, should not support "gratuitous insults to . . . fellow citizens by artists."

Hyde supports free speech for students because he feels that the "politically correct" mood of academia cowers conservatives. "A new sensitivity to insult and criticism has arisen from various racial, ethnic and gender groups," he says. "A sensitivity expressed stridently with sanctions which can include expulsion from universities."

Jay Miller of the Illinois A.C.L.U. has known Hyde for nearly 20 years. "I don't want to say Hyde's insincere," says Miller, "but I doubt he's ever come out in favor of free speech for the left. He wants to protect the kinds of speech you hate: racist, homophobic and sexist kinds of things. He represents a right-wing group and they're coming out for free expression for themselves."

In Hyde's brief advocating his bill, he offers few examples of actual censorship. Hyde dwells instead off the campus political climate by discussing politically correct course guidelines and the political views of faculty members. But academics point out that these, too, are products of free speech. Professors have fought a century-long battle for just such academic freedoms. (Hyde's bill, incidentally, does not offer any protection to professors or to other staff.)

Of course, the best lesson from this bill may be in how to get First Amendment wafflers such as Hyde to champion free speech: Make them feel unpopular at school.

Berkeley, say:

"What kind of frill is etiquette, anyway? . . . You may have the legal right to call your mother an idiot, or somebody else's mother a slut, but you won't if you know what's good for you. . . . Nor could you convince many people that . . . such remarks are likely to . . . lead to advances in knowledge. . . . The rougher the conflict, the more manners are needed. Only when insults, harassment, disrespect and obscenity are banned can people engage in truly substantive argument. Of course, it is a personal insult to call someone a racist or a sexist. [But] incivility is no more defensible in defense than in attack."

TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Claudia Blaine, political commentator, writing for *Screw* on the P.C. phenomenon and schools: "One thing that really bothers me about this P.C. crap is that it's so basically phony. Hey, inequality exists and I'm just as anxious as the next guy to see something done about it. Injustice, ditto. However, Harvard, Brown, Berkeley, Duke, Dartmouth, etc., are hardly the hotbeds of the oppressed masses. I don't care what color you are, who you like to lick, how handicapped—whoa! Sorry, 'specially abled'—you are, whether you have a dick or not.



If you're enrolled at a prestigious university, you're not a fucking sharecropper."

ARE YOU P.C.?

Here are six questions to help you decide:

1. A writer whose views on race and women's issues with which you disagree is coming to campus to give a reading. You:

- A. Skip the reading.
- B. Read his book and go to the reading to ask him challenging questions.
- C. Without reading a thing he has written, call for a ban of his book in the college bookstore and petition and protest until the reading is canceled.

2. You are mugged by a group of black youths. You:

- A. Hand over the cash and report the crime with the full intention of pressing charges.
- B. Hand over the cash and decide to forget about it.
- C. Hand over the cash and apologize for not having more. You later feel guilty for not taking the underprivileged people of color to the nearest bank machine and withdrawing your full savings.

3. An English professor suggests adding *Moby Dick* to a class reading list. You:

- A. Protest because the book is too long.
- B. Protest be-

cause you came to college to be exposed to the non-Western literature you hadn't read in high school.

C. Protest and call for the professor's dismissal because the book has no women and ignores issues of race, class, ethnicity and sexual orientation.

4. A fraternity has a "South of the Border" party. You:

- A. Dismiss it as a harmless excuse to drink tequila and attend.
- B. Write a letter to the campus newspaper decrying the silly racial stereotypes presented by the party and don't attend.

C. Cry "cultural commodification" and call for a ban on ethnic theme parties as well as the dissolution of the offending fraternity.

5. You ask a woman out for dinner and a movie. You:

- A. Eat at the upscale burger joint, see *The Hunt for Red October* and then walk her to the door for a goodnight kiss.
- B. Eat a tuna salad at the local fern bar, catch *Born on the Fourth of July* and then drop her off with a peck on the cheek.
- C. Walk to the macrobiotic restaurant, miss *Dances with Wolves* because the service is so slow but talk about Costner's objectification of Native Americans and then go your separate ways.

6. Skip, Biff and José take a qualifying exam for two civil-service job openings. Skip scores 98 percent, Biff scores 96 percent and José scores 95 percent. You

- A. Hire Skip and Biff.
- B. Hire Skip and José.
- C. Hire only José and wait for another person of color to apply.

If you answered A to the majority of the questions, you're not P.C.; if B, you're not yet but could become P.C.; if C, you've achieved *satori*. (Adapted from *The Politically Correct Handbook*, by Vernon Silver.)

There's a nasty name for everyone

NEBESpicChinkSavageJesusFreakF
 HonkyPolackCommieDykeDagoWh
 ooLIMEYBitchOreoJapCoonWetba
 antEyesInjunBibleBangerSpadeLes
 ookBoyFairyNaziRusskiCamelJock
 whiteyOldGeezerTowelHeadKrautHo
 adQueenUncleTomWASPGimpJAPs
 ngleBunnyNiggerOldBagRagheadRi
 chWhoreKikeGringoFrogTardFagWo

Including you.

THINK ABOUT IT.

PENNSTATE

Are these words a part of your vocabulary?
 If so, maybe we can help. Call us.
 Campus Life Assistance Center (814) 863-2000

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX THERAPY FOR ELEPHANTS

LONDON—A psychologist has been called in to help 28-year-old Sahib overcome his aversion to sex and get it on with Milli, Toto and Chikki. The four-ton ele-



phant came to a British wildlife park from a circus, where he was reprimanded whenever he showed interest in the ladies. "There are years of repression to unwind," said the park's director. "He probably was threatened with a stick when he got amorous in the circus. Now we have to tickle him with a stick so he sees it as something pleasurable."

IF GOD DIDN'T INTEND....

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND—Researchers at the National Institute for Mental Health recently located the brain's receptor for marijuana. Since marijuana is not normally found in the system, the scientists are wondering what the receptor is doing there. They theorize that this discovery could lead to chemical refinements in cannabinoids that would enhance the drug's therapeutic properties while taking all the fun out of it. Or vice versa. Our guess: The next thing they find will be the brain receptor for Grateful Dead concerts.

ALOHA!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Park Service has admitted that it is "seriously considering" a proposal that would sanc-

tion nude sun-bathing on a beach in Hawaii. A spokesman noted that Federal law does not address the issue of undress one way or the other, and that there has been a certain amount of nude sun-bathing at other Park Service facilities without causing any great commotion. Uncle Sam is waiting to see how much flak comes up from the general public or how much lightning comes down from on high.

WANTED—DAD OR ALIVE

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—The National Council of State Child Support Enforcement Administrators is making a concerted effort to nail dead-beat parents by means of a country-wide "most wanted" list. To qualify for national recognition on an impressive police-style WANTED poster (complete with photo, name, physical description and record of neglect), the non-supporters must have changed their names and Social Security numbers or otherwise gone to great lengths to disappear.

DOWN, BOY!

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—It seems that there's a new occupational hazard in the war on drugs. The Forensic Drug Abuse Advisor addressed the problem in an article titled "What to Do if Your Police Dog Eats All of the Evidence." It seems that the K-9 corps gets so excited by the hunt it sometimes consumes toxic amounts of controlled substances. Noting that pot, coke, speed and narcotics have similar effects on man and dog, the article suggests the standard human treatment (apomorphine with an activated-charcoal chaser) for the dogs that O.D.

FUR FLIES DOWN UNDER

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA—An appeals tribunal has refused health benefits to an Australian woman who claimed that she was made physically and mentally ill by a phony fur-covered penis that a fellow employee kept in a plastic cage on his filing cabinet.

PRIVILEGED RELATIONS

LOS ANGELES—California attorneys may screw their clients financially but not sexually. Following the lead of medical associations that have banned "let's play doctor,"

the California bar has become the first lawyers' group in the U.S. to rule that sex is not an attorney-client option. The code of conduct excuses a sexual relationship that predated the professional one. But punishment awaits the attorney who beds his client—unless he can prove it didn't cause him to perform "incompetently."

AGAINST THE WIND

WACO, TEXAS—A Baylor University officer ticketed a student for farting. The campus cop was unsure how to deal with some rowdy students, so he charged the wind breaker under Title 9, Chapter 42 of the Texas criminal code. This law, which forbids creating a "noxious and unreasonable odor in a public place," usually applies to factories. The top cop explained, "It was a reach—a reach my officer felt he had to take at the time. I'd be surprised if he'd do it again."

SIDEWALK CENSORSHIP

NEW YORK—A building's cleaning crew obliterated an offensive Michelangelo penis from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—or, rather, from a re-creation of the scene. Hani Shihada, a 32-year-old artist, had nearly finished chalking the reproduction



on the sidewalk at 250 West 57th Street when building residents, offended by the explicit nature of the art, demanded that their maintenance men delete the offending penis. Meet Mr. Clean, the censor.

WHOSE MONEY IS IT?

nowadays, freedom goes to the highest bidder

Columnist Stephen Chapman writes, "In the debate over abortion, there are three basic positions: (1) 'Yes,' (2) 'No' and (3) 'OK, but not with my money.'"

The current debates about abortion rights and NEA funding aren't about free expression; they're about money, about government. Money is government, at every level, and in these controversies, we clearly see who holds the purse strings.

A full two-page ad in the *Chicago Tribune* declares, "No abortions at Cook County Hospital. We taxpayers believe that abortion is the cruel destruction of innocent lives. We should not be forced to pay for it."

The conservatives have staged a leveraged buy-out of the American Government.

The Bill of Rights states that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. This right shields the individual from the police powers of the state. But the founding fathers overlooked how the spending power of the state might corrupt and control speech. There is an adage that "he who takes the king's money must sing the king's song." In conservative America, there is no shortage of men who would be king.

In 1976, conservatives mustered forces to pass the Hyde Amendment, which banned the use of Medicaid funds for abortion. The regulation was introduced as a way to limit the number of abortions being performed in the wake of *Roe vs. Wade*. Clinics responded by providing other family-planning services, referring termination cases to clinics that could accommodate them. In 1988, Otis R. Bowen, then the Secretary of Health and Human Services, came up with a new twist: He issued a new regulation declaring that under the abortion clause of Title X, no abortions meant "no talk about abortions [will be] paid for by taxpayers' money." If a patient at a Government-sponsored clinic seeks any kind of abortion information, the doctor must parrot the party line: "The project does not consider abortion an appro-

By Terry White

priate method of family planning."

A nice regulation, one that regulation-loving Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist took great delight in defending: "Freedom of expression is limited [only] during the time that [doctors] actually work for the [Government-funded] project." So if you want to hear the full story, do you have to meet your doctor on the



golf course or maybe in the parking lot after hours?

Chief Justice Rehnquist said that nothing in the Constitution requires that the Government pay for the full story or even allow equal time to different viewpoints. The Government has "merely chosen to fund one activity to the exclusion of another."

Rehnquist erred. This is bad government: Once we agree that the Government should fund health care, we should buy the best, most informed available. Instead, the Government has set limits on the quality of Federally funded care. This is no restraint if you have money—you can buy complete care at a private clinic. But it penalizes the 4,000,000 women forced by poverty to use Government-spon-

sored clinics. Rehnquist said it was not his fault that people are poor. "The financial constraints that restrict an indigent woman's ability to enjoy the full range of constitutionally protected freedom of choice are the product not of Governmental restrictions on access to abortion but rather of her indigency." Conservatives who despise the poor have traditionally found a way to insulate themselves from the obligation to create a decent society.

Conservatives who despise abortion have now been given a convenient tool to keep their money out of the hands of even the neediest poor.

But whose money is it? The tax dollars contributed to the Federal coffers come from a diverse constituency. The poor pay taxes. Women pay taxes. People in favor of choice pay taxes. For the Government to declare such a finite use of funds is to dismiss the preferences and politics of at least one third of the country. Let the Government spend money in a way that reflects the diverse needs of its populace, not the narrow moral interests of a specific group. The ruling sacrifices general welfare for pompous moral purity.

Conservative columnist Chapman went further, "Scrupulously denying public money to promote or provide abortion is something Americans have the freedom to do, even if they think legal abortion is better than the alternative.

The people who disagree with the Court and the regulation go beyond the mistaken position that abortion is a right to the absurd position that it is an entitlement."

Health care is not a right; no one is entitled to health care from the Government. But the services that are subsidized should be provided in a way that maximizes the relationship between doctor and patient, that provides the range of information necessary for informed consent. Outlawing a complete and open exchange amounts to gambling with the health and well-being of those dependent on such services and displays an arrogant abuse of Executive privilege.

Let no man think himself king.

NO G STRINGS ATTACHED

nazis can freely preach hatred, but nude dancers get busted in the kitty kat lounge. that crime could unravel the first amendment

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Andrew Dice Clay can hurl homophobic, misogynist and even racist sentiments from the stage and be assured it's constitutionally protected speech. He can even engage in "expressive" or "symbolic" speech such as waving a swastika or burning the American flag; the Supreme Court has ruled that that, too, is covered by the First Amendment. But were he to take off his clothes to make a point, even a small one, he could be arrested. However, if he covered his genitalia with the swastika, that would once again be legal.

Sounds crazy, I know, but that's the result of a ground-breaking judgment from a Reagan-packed Supreme Court with nothing better to do with the Bill of Rights than order pasties and G strings for nude dancers at the Kitty Kat Lounge in South Bend, Indiana. "[We] now hold," intoned Chief Justice William Rehnquist for the five-to-four majority, "that the Indiana statutory requirement that the dancers in the establishments involved in this case must wear pasties and a G string does not violate the First Amendment."

Seemed like a joke when I first heard it on the radio. Indeed, most of the media chuckled at the news, relieved that the Court had been "narrow" in its latest assault on the Constitution—meaning that the target was sex rather than something serious. The idea that sex is not serious is a bizarre intellectual commonplace in this society, which, more than any other in history, is driven in all aspects of life, from the commercial to the cultural, by sexual imagery. We are a voyeuristic people who just love peeping in when no one's looking but are filled with guilt all the same. Which is why the "politically correct" thought police chose to undermine the First Amendment by using cases of sexual freedom.

So what's the big deal? you might ask. Just affix the damn pasties and get on with the dancing. That, crudely put, was the separate but concurring position of Justice David Souter, the Court's newest member, whose replacement of the fiery civil libertarian Justice William Brennan made this travesty possible. Souter was at pains to assure respected citizens that he was not going after their high art: "It is difficult to see, for example, how the en-

forcement of Indiana's statute against nudity in a production of *Hair* or *Equus* somewhere other than at an 'adult' theater would further the state's interest in avoiding harmful secondary effects." The secondary effects of nudity in adult theaters as opposed to proper high-priced theaters are "prostitution, sexual assaults, criminal activity, degradation of women and other activities which break down family structure."

Can you imagine? If the stripper goes all the way, the men will rush out of the bar and get divorced, but if she leaves on a G string, their families will stay intact. And what about those of us who think a G string degrades the dignity of the human body?

Is this the old class thing, where only people who can afford the price of a Broadway hit can be trusted not to get violent after witnessing nudity? What Souter is doing is winking at respectable people and saying, You'll get any art you want, even if it's not protected by the Constitution. We're just after the masses, who can't handle this stuff.

He's coming them, of course, because the effect of the decision is to remove constitutional protection of liberty and leave it up to prosecutors to decide what is permissible. These same people have gone after the novels of Kurt Vonnegut and John Steinbeck and the art of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

Why these prosecutors get to decide, with prior censorship, that we can't handle the sight of a nipple is beyond me. But that is exactly what the majority of the Court accepted. "Public nudity is the evil the state seeks to prevent, whether or not it is combined with expressive activity," Justice Rehnquist wrote in certifying the constitutionality of the state's goal.

Admission of the expressive nature of the dancing, in the majority's opinion, is what renders this one of the most serious assaults on the First Amendment in its two centuries of existence. If the Justices had just said the dancing was obscene, then no new constitutional ground would have been lost. In the past, the Court has, under the "Miller decision," condoned Government censorship of erotic material thought to be obscene because it was sexual but lacked "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific

value." But this case broke new ground, because the art being banned was not judged obscene but was, rather, deemed "symbolic speech," qualifying it for First Amendment protection.

The Court here agreed that the dancers were expressing an idea qualifying for First Amendment protection. But then it cavalierly ruled that that protection can be waived if the state argues that expression of the idea can lead to crime.

To understand just how pernicious a notion this is, apply it to an Andrew Dice Clay performance. Forget nudity. If Clay is a misogynist, might this not lead to attitudes and, indeed, actions hostile to women? Yes. Should his remarks be censored? Yes, if we apply the current Court's ruling consistently. But obviously, that challenges the basic idea of democracy that we in that vast audience are to be trusted to make our own choices about how we use the information we receive. That's why Nazis can speak in a free society even though they seek to destroy that society. You don't short-circuit evil ideas by banning them.

Consider the anomaly here. The bedrock of freedom is the notion that bad ideas will be defeated not by censorship but by exposure. That's why we let characters such as Clay rant. Maybe they shouldn't be allowed to get in some stranger's face and shout racial epithets, thereby interfering with that person's freedom, but in a theater, absolutely, yes.

Justice Byron White, writing for the dissenters, wrote the following, which should be chiseled into the marble at the base of the Supreme Court building: "That the performances in the Kitty Kat Lounge may not be high art, to say the least, and may not appeal to the Court, is hardly an excuse for distorting and ignoring settled doctrine. The Court's assessment of the artistic merits of nude-dancing performances should not be the determining factor in deciding this case."

Why is it so difficult for the Court's majority, appointed by Republican Presidents pledged to keep Government out of our lives, to understand that the requirement of G strings and pasties is a kinky distortion of the body politic?





"C'mon, 'fess up—you tampered with that fortune cookie."



Crowned Miss Virginia-U.S.A. in 1983, Tai Collins spent a year in the limelight as Old Dominion's reigning beauty. Civic duties brought her together with then-governor Charles Robb, now a U.S. Senator from Virginia. Robb—married to President Lyndon Johnson's daughter Lynda Bird—has been mentioned as a contender for the Oval Office. Mutual attraction, says Tai, led to trysts.



what really
happened when miss virginia
met chuck robb



THE GOVERNOR AND THE BEAUTY

TAI COLLINS wants you to know this first off: Scandal is not her idea of fun. Headlines, sound bites, reporters dogging her trail—she could live happily ever after without all that. In fact, she tried to. Collins kept her peace—until those around her started lying. Then she decided to set the record straight. Yes, she says, she had had a love affair with Charles S. Robb, now a U.S. Senator from Virginia. He began the chase, she recalls, in the summer of 1983, when Tai (pronounced "Tay") was the newly crowned Miss Virginia-U.S.A. and Robb was Virginia's governor. How could she resist? Robb was a worldly wise 44 years old, tall, dark and powerful. Collins, then 20, had moved out of her parents' home in Roanoke and into her own apartment in Virginia Beach just one year earlier. "Here was the *governor* sending me letters, flowers, gifts, calling me at home and at work," she says. Tai was dazzled. Yes, she knew her beau was married to the daughter of President Lyndon Baines Johnson, and that he and Lynda Bird had three children. But was that really *her* problem? She didn't expect the guy to leave his wife and marry her. He never promised, she never asked. All Tai Collins wanted from Chuck Robb was what most 20-year-olds want from a lover: a little adventure, lots of laughs, the freedom to grow and change. Only Robb knows why he was in the game—his public statements are dizzying examples of spin control. When *The Washington Post* interviewed him last December, Robb admitted he had invited Collins to his suite in New York's posh Pierre Hotel in 1984. They shared a bottle of wine, he said, then he went into the bathroom and changed into a robe, got into bed—and let Tai give him a massage. Period. He said they didn't have sex. "I know the whole thing looks bad," Robb told the *Post*, regarding his New York rubdown. "Clearly, some of the things that I have done are not appropriate for a middle-aged, happily married man." Clearly. Tai, who's wearing a similar white robe on our cover, has a slightly different account of that evening—but more on that later. She met the governor on June 1, 1983, when they shared ribbon-cutting duties at a new mall in Norfolk. Two weeks later—June 16, to be exact; Tai has the date marked in the Girl Scouts calendar she used to keep track of her appointments that year—their paths crossed again when Robb attended a fashion show at another Norfolk mall. Collins then was working part time as a salesgirl and model for a lingerie store. That day, on the runway, she modeled white satin and black lace. Robb was apparently dazzled. First, Tai remembers, he sent her a letter at the lingerie store. Then he had a friend





After eight chaste months of dating, the governor invited Tai to his suite in New York's posh Pierre Hotel. Collins wore the black-leather pants he'd given her. Robb sported a tux. After sharing a bottle of champagne, they went to bed. Robb says he got only "a massage." Tai remembers more.







call her and set up a date. The first night she spent at Robb's side, she says, they went to a birthday party at a hotel in Virginia Beach, then retreated to the home of Robb's friend Bruce Thompson in the ritzy Croatan section of town. It was Saturday, June 25—Tai has that, too, marked down on her

calendar. The memory of that night still makes her smile. "I'm twenty years old, the governor is taking me out—that's *exciting!*" Tai says. "I was just like, wow!" Throughout the summer and fall of 1983, Robb wowed Collins at parties in the homes of his Virginia Beach (text concluded on page 164)







"I could have fallen in love with Chuck," Tai says, "but I knew he was not going to leave his wife."

friends. He was "a perfect gentleman," she recalls—he didn't even try to kiss her. Which may explain why she didn't tell him before she abruptly moved to New York to pursue her modeling career. But, Tai says, Robb tracked her down through her former roommate and started calling her at her Manhattan digs. Then he turned up the heat.

In February 1984, they trysted in the Pierre Hotel—and, yes, she insists, they *did* make love, not just massage, that night. It was, she says, the first of many secret encounters in New York and Virginia. "I could have fallen in love with Chuck," Tai says, "but I really tried to keep it in perspective. I knew he was not going to leave his wife. On our very first date, he told me he wanted to be President someday. He had his plans all laid out, and I wasn't in his future. So I just decided to enjoy the relationship and enjoy him."

As the months rolled by, the glamour of dating a governor waned. Collins was in the big city now—socializing with actors, musicians, celebrities. Robb's dazzle had dimmed considerably. Late in 1984, she recalls, they spent their last evening together, at New York's Park Lane Hotel. Two months later, Tai married East Coast retailing executive Stuart Lucas. End of story? Not even close.

More than three years passed before Robb's long-rumored affair with Collins was unearthed in a media treasure hunt. Reporters looking for goodies on the governor as he campaigned for the U.S. Senate in 1988 were thrilled to find a

beautiful blonde in his past. (They also found a bunch of his Virginia Beach buddies—the house-party crew—who have since been indicted on drug charges. But that's a whole other story.) Journalists descended en masse. "And I protected Chuck," Tai remembers. "I still cared about him." It was painful, she says, to be misrepresented in the press—to see her picture in the paper next to photos of alleged drug dealers, to have her mother phone from Roanoke with the local headlines: "CHUCK AND TAI, SEX AND DRUGS." But she stonewalled the press throughout 1988, then traveled to Japan in early 1989 for a four-month modeling job.

Separated from her husband, she moved into a condo in Virginia Beach and opened her own modeling agency when she returned to the States. She thought the Robb affair was finally over. In fact, the craziest days of the Chuck and Tai Show were still to come.

Late in 1989, Collins remembers, she and her Virginia Beach neighbors noticed a man spying on her condo. The same man showed up at her health club, asking questions, and slunk around the movie set of *Navy SEALS*, in which she had a small part. One night, she arrived home to find her front door wide open. Another night, her phone line was cut. Last fall, she received two death threats. Then the newspaper stories flared up again.

With all the clamoring around Senator Charles Robb—a local detective wrote a scathing book about him; *The Washington Post* sent two reporters to investigate his

ties to Virginia Beach; the drug indictments were coming down—Collins decided to get a word in edgewise. "If I had just had an affair with Chuck Robb, maybe it wouldn't have been the public's right to know," she reasons. "But when people start toying with my life, making threats, spying on me—then it's time to say something. I was getting scared."

She spent hours talking with a *Post* writer, who'd been begging her for an interview—but the in-depth story she expected never appeared. By the time her lengthy interview for NBC's *Exposé* program aired this past April, it had been whittled down to a few choice quotes for prime time. Meanwhile, media pressures were mounting for Robb—who sank deeper in the muck last summer when he and the present Virginia governor, L. Douglas Wilder, got into a public mud-slinging contest. At each opportunity—and there were plenty—Robb denied his affair with Collins.

"I'm really sick of it," Tai says, sighing. "But, you know, if there weren't a story here, it wouldn't keep coming out. If there were nothing here, it wouldn't still be news."

Common sense comes easy for Tainquil Collins—nicknamed Tai—who survived a childhood fraught with tragedy. The youngest of four children, Tai was only eight when her father suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed. During the next several years, one of her brothers would be temporarily paralyzed in a car wreck and the other would die in prison. Through it all, the baby of the family—a high school cheerleader, member of the homecoming court and track star—comforted her sister and her mother, as well as her grandmother, who lived next door.

When she entered the Miss Virginia-U.S.A. Pageant in 1983—a move that led to her fateful meeting with Governor Robb and all that followed—Collins was just trying to please her grandmother. "Nanny always wanted me to be in a pageant," she says. "I didn't really want to—I'd never been in a beauty contest before. But Nanny was so good to us. I wanted her to be happy." The thought makes Collins laugh. "Then I won—and look what happened!"

Dazzling *Playboy* readers with words and pictures is part of Tai's campaign to put the past behind her and move on. She'd like to marry again and start a family soon—the same things most 29-year-olds want. "I know people are going to say, 'Why did you pose for *Playboy*?' Well, the answer is, I think the body is a beautiful thing. I know I was not supposed to have an affair with a married man," she muses, "but I'm human, too. I take responsibility for what I did. I'm a Christian, I go to church on Sunday. Whether God forgives me or I forgive myself—it's not for the public to judge me."



"Well, according to the book, after that, we should have been breathless, sweaty and pleading for more."



John
Demme

"Er—would you mind if we made love in the dark?"

ULTIMATE

TV

DROP YOUR PRETENSIONS. THESE ARE THE TELEVISION MOMENTS THAT DEFINE VIDEO GREATNESS

OUR PARENTS were right: We watch too much television. Always have. It was the first soft, nonprescription drug we could abuse until we passed out and/or it was time to go to bed. Part of the problem was the sheer proliferation of the medium. Here we had, at our finger tips, tens of thousands of hours of mental popcorn that apparently never gave us a sufficiently horrendous bellyache.

But out of this vast wasteland—as it was called by former FCC Commissioner Newton N. Minow—there remain some magnificent oases. We're talking about those episodes of TV so magical, so inspired that they excused TV's soap-selling, its garishness and maybe even the career of Jim Nabors. They are those few happy moments when commerce collided head-on with a wild creative impulse, with a resulting unforgettable splat. The series that gave them rise may not have been great, but it doesn't matter whether they won Emmys or were called something like *Masterpiece Theatre*. The point was never art. Art reached higher than what we had in mind. And

when it tried to squeeze itself onto the small screen, it somehow went over our heads. Like it or not, television has become our ethical mirror. And when we see ourselves there, we don't try to straighten our tie; we are content, even delighted, just to recognize a familiar face.

Thanks to syndication and cable, we are now more likely than ever to find these gems in our living rooms. For your viewing pleasure, here are some of the very best episodes in the golden agelessness of TV.

LUCY GETS HIGH MARX FOR HER EARLY TELEVISION WORK (LEFT), WHILE THE MASTER, GROUCHO (RIGHT), SERENELY FLIPS HIS LID.





THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW

Every episode of life in Mayberry can be seen independent of the rest, because each tells its folksy little tale and then high-tails it out of there. And the only thing you're left with is that insistent whistling theme song. In "Mr. McBeevee," the adults become concerned about Opie's hyperactive imagination, which has spawned a certain Mr. McBeevee, who walks in tree-tops, wears a hat made of silver and keeps extra hands on his belt. An imaginary friend is one thing; but when Opie brings home an expensive tool—"Mr. McBeevee gave it to me, Paw"—Andy and Barney figure Opie for a thief. Andy goes looking for Mr. McBeevee and finds a telephone lineman, wearing a silver hard-hat, who refers to the tools on his utility belt (including the one he gave Opie) as "extra hands." So much for jumping to conclusions. Today's lesson: Trust your child.

WRESTLING WITH THE LAW IN MAYBERRY



ANDY USUALLY HAD LESS DIFFICULTY SUBDUING BARNEY'S ENTHUSIASMS THAN HE DID HERE, BUT IT WAS GRIFFITH'S BENIGN DESPOTISM THAT KEPT RUGOLIC MAYBERRY ON AN EVEN KEEL.

insanely grinning aliens by use of a radioactive walnut. Twyloites have an extra pair of eyes in the back of their heads, so when Thomas, facing away from Rob, points out a spot on Rob's tie, he credits his "perfect twenty-twenty-twenty-twenty vision." This episode also contains the extravagant, indelible image of a Twyloite Laura Petrie cascading out of the hall closet on a sea of walnuts.

STAR TREK

"The Trouble with Tribbles" may be the expected choice, but we can't escape it: Filling the Enterprise with a mushrooming population of furry, squeaky—yet vexatious—intergalactic fur balls was a brilliant idea. This episode played against type—the series' self-serious melodrama—by exaggerating those elements of coy humor that were always lurking around the corners. Captain Kirk on the Enterprise bridge, surrounded by little saddle-shoe-shaded mopheads, is an unforgettable touch. And it predated those disgusto terrorist *Gremlins* by almost 20 years.

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Yep, even the castaways had a memorable moment, in an episode called "The Producer." Phil Silvers, guest-starring as the madcap Broadway producer Harold Hecuba, washes up on shore and, finding the casting to his liking, decides to stage *Hamlet*—as a musical. (And this was years

ROB AND LAURA PETRIE (DICK VAN DYKE AND MARY TYLER MOORE) WERE THE APOTHEOSIS OF SUBURBIA GONE SLIGHTLY BANANAS. ROB FELL OVER AN OTTOMAN BETTER THAN ANYONE.

OOOH, ROB. . .

POW!

BATMAN BURST ONTO THE SCREEN WITH A BAM! BIFF! POW! THE CAPED CRUSADERS NEVER GOT TOO BIG FOR THEIR TIGHTS, AND SUCH STARS AS BURGESS MEREDITH AND EARTHA KITT WERE EAGER TO GO TO CAM.



BATMAN

Given the shameless excesses that became synonymous with the Dynamic Duo, it's hard to believe that there was ever a memorable script. But the series' debut, the two-part episode titled "Hey Diddle Riddle"/"Smack in the Middle," managed to restrain the camp that quickly devoured the program, which turned more doltish than cultish. The premiere had some genuine fun with the idea of caped crusaders; it starred Frank Gorshin as the Riddler and bouncy, buxom Jill St. John as his girlfriend—who, in a charmingly implausible plot development, masquerades as the Boy Wonder to trap Batman. Jill St. John managed to survive, even rise above, this sort of casting. But, alas, Boy Wonder was not so lucky.

THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW

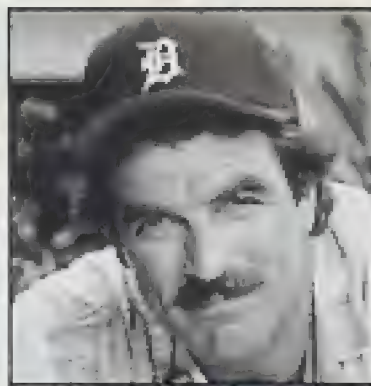
Talk about dream sequences: In "It May Look Like a Walnut," Rob has a nightmare in which Danny Thomas is an alien brainwasher from the planet Twylo who transforms humans—most notably, everyone important in Rob's life—into

before *Shogun*.) It's the series of weird juxtapositions—Shakespeare and Tin-Pan-Alley, Shakespeare and Tina Louise, Sergeant Bilko and The Skipper, real comedic energy and Bob Denver—that gives this episode its staying power. Where else is there such rich silliness?

MAGNUM, P.I.

Beneath the plots, it was the simulated father-son relationship between Thomas Magnum and Jonathan Higgins that held this





TELEVISION SPAWNED A DAZZLING ARRAY OF MEN WHO WERE KNOWN BY THEIR LAST NAMES: LEFT TO RIGHT, SPOCK (LEONARD NIMOY), GILLIGAN (BOB DENVER) AND MAGNUM (TOM SELLECK). IT WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY THING THESE GENTLEMEN HAD IN COMMON.

program together; so it's no surprise that a variation on that theme lay at the heart of an unforgettable hour of television. In "Home from the Sea," a boating accident leaves Magnum afloat and alive but unfed and unprotected in shark-patrolled waters. He saves himself by remembering bits of advice from his dead father, as Higgins (like a teenager's dad) fulminates over the detective's "irresponsible" failure to return home and meet his responsibilities.

THE HONEYMOONERS

Jackie Gleason was the greatest talent of television's first decade. Period. He was, to use a handy analogy, the medium's equivalent of Orson Welles (artistically, spiritually, even physically). Although each show has persuasive and passionate admirers, two episodes stand as irrefutable classics:

Ralph becomes a contestant on a song identification quiz show in "The \$99,000 Answer" and spends every free moment being prepped and quizzed by Norton, who can read music and play the piano—but who starts every song by playing the introduction to *Swanee River*. Predictably, Ralph blows his top at this typical Norton quirk; predictably, *Swanee River* is the first song played for Ralph on the actual game show, and of course, he hasn't a clue to its name.

"A Matter of Record" starts with one of the Kramdens' frequent squabbles: Ralph has insulted Alice's mother (who can't stand him, either). When Alice storms out, Norton persuades Ralph to head for a "make-your-own-recording" studio, to phonographically craft an apology to Alice. On the first take, Ralph spins characteristically out of control, as he vents his litany of annoyances with his mother-in-law; when he tries again, it's a serious and tender catalog of what his wife really means to him. Norton, of course, manages to deliver the wrong recording to Alice, who moves out. She returns when she finally hears the second take, perhaps the most poignant of Gleason's heartfelt monologs.

"BABY, YOU'RE THE GREATEST," RALPH KRAMDEN USED TO TELL ALICE. THE SAME IS TRUE FOR THAT MOST PERFECT OF TV SITCOMS, THE HONEYMOONERS. RALPHIE BOY WAS OUR POSTMODERN FALSTAFF, WHILE NORTON AND ALICE FLAILED AND FAILED TO KEEP THE GREAT ONE HUMBLE.



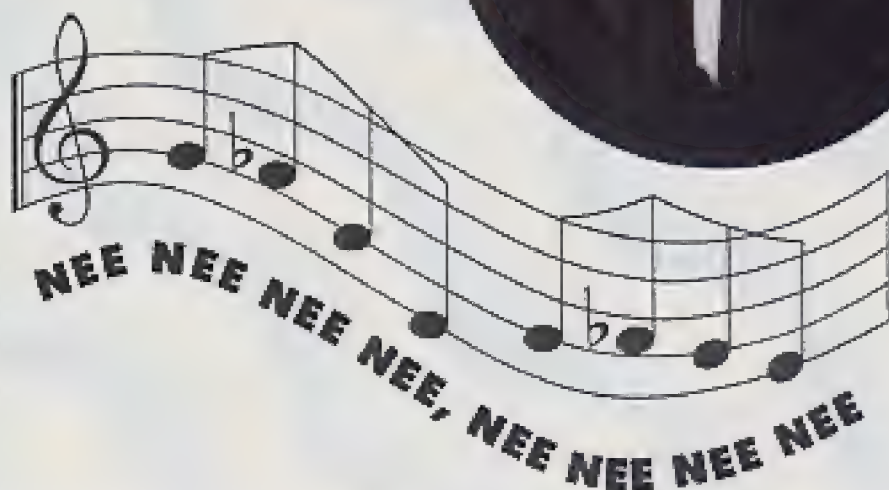
THE TWILIGHT ZONE

There were 136 episodes of Rod Serling's silver-tongued fantasies, and two that we remember best:

In "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet," a recently released and supposedly cured mental patient takes an airplane trip home and thinks he sees something on the plane's wing: a supernatural figure tearing at the engines. When he steals a gun and opens an emergency exit to shoot at the gremlin, the authorities figure he has suffered a relapse. Their reaction to the twisted metal on the engine cowl is left to our imagination. William Shatner, playing the patient, adds to the retro pleasures of this one.

In "Time Enough at Last," Burgess Meredith stars as a misanthropic bookworm who'd be happy to live without people as long as he had books to read. When he spends lunch hour in a bank vault—to get some privacy for his reading—he inadvertently becomes the sole survivor of a nuclear war and gets his fondest wish. But then he stumbles in the rubble of the local library, losing and then smashing his reading glasses. There are (continued on page 180)

THE TWILIGHT ZONE GAVE MANY ACTORS (WILLIAM SHATNER HERE IN "NIGHTMARE AT 20,000 FEET") THEIR FIRST EERIE START.



"If there has ever been a more perfect TV actor than James Garner, he has yet to be found."

none of those blasted neighbors around, one of whom might have been an optician, and Rod Serling chuckles at yet another personalized hell.

Columbo: "Any Old Port in a Storm." It's Donald Pleasance time (true *Columbo* addicts identify each show by the guest-shot villain, rather than the title or even the plot). Here, the ol' mole man turns up as a wine master who commits murder by locking his victim in the wine cellar and turning off the air circulation. But fate exacts its retribution. While the murderer goes on a business trip, a heat wave hits town, and the cellar's precious cargo—unprotected by air conditioning—turns to vinegar. Columbo shares a bottle with the soon-to-be-arrested felon; he clearly understands that no prison sentence could outdo Pleasance's torture over destroying his own priceless collection.

The Fugitive: Forget its legendary place in TV history. Ignore its irresistible finality. "The Judgment," the last episode of TV's longest cat-and-mouse game, is just damned good television. Both the hunted Kimble (David Janssen) and the pursuing Gerard reach sublime if quirky

heights, and the show's *film noir* settings are darker than ever. The two-hour story has enough plot twists for half a season, capped by one magnificent glance between the principals at show's end—in unspoken recognition of (and gratitude for) their eerie *Doppelgänger* liaison.

I Love Lucy: In 1958, there was a special called *The Top Ten Lucy Shows*, which featured scenes from 13 of them. And—whether it's because they're so good or because Lucy herself became such an undisputed icon—these two just won't die:

"Job Switching" climaxes with the much-remembered scene—hell, it has even been quoted in *other* TV shows—that places Lucy and Ethel in a candy factory, trying (and hilariously failing) assembly-line work. What almost nobody remembers, though, is how they got there; it's the girls' part of a competition with their husbands, Ricky and Fred, who are simultaneously discovering what it's like to be a housewife.

Lucy Ricardo had an uncontrollable mania for meeting celebrities (a nice irony in that Lucille Ball was among the biggest celebrities of TV history). In

"L.A. at Last," Lucy lunches at the Brown Derby and drives the place into a turmoil trying to get William Holden's autograph. When she leaves the tony restaurant, Ricky announces that *he* has met William Holden and wants to introduce his wife. To avoid being recognized, Lucy disguises herself in a babushka and a putty nose—which goes up in flames when Holden graciously attempts to light her cigarette.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show: In "Chuckles Bites the Dust," the TV clown is killed in a freak accident—dressed as Peter Peanut in a local parade, he is trampled by a rampaging elephant. Lou and Murray find release for their grief in a steady stream of wisecracks; Mary doesn't realize until the funeral what everyone has been laughing about. *M.T.M.* was always one of the funniest shows on the tube even when the plots were thin; but in this episode, the writers lowered the lamp just a bit to look at how differently people react to death, stringing together some of the most gleefully dark jokes anyone can remember. Few who have seen this episode forget it.

The Prisoner: The series pops up in every pop-culture treasure-trove, and so should the last episode shown, "Living in Harmony." This oddball, which did not air in the show's original U.S. run, looks different from the start. The series' familiar opening sequence—Number Six resigning his commission, then being abducted—is recast using a gun-fighter motif, and the show continues as a Western-genre allegory of Number Six's life in the Village. The town, called Harmony, is run with ironhanded authority by The Judge (Number Two), who tries to enlist Number Six in his camp by making him sheriff. Not until the last few minutes do we learn it has all been a drug-induced hallucination forced on Number Six by his modern-era captors to break his resistance—and even so, he gets the last laugh.

The Rockford Files: If there has ever been a more perfect TV actor than James Garner, he has yet to be found. In "The Big Cheese," Rockford receives a package from an old reporter pal who has warned him to look out for something "special." Nervous Mobsters are convinced it's an account book and they murder the reporter. Then they start chasing Rockford—who, of course, is only too happy to let them have the package. But it's no account book; it's a wedge of cheese, and the typically Garnerian look of frustrated disbelief is what this show—what *every* Garner series—is all about.

The Sound of Jazz: A one-shot, part of a loosely structured series called *The Seven Lively Arts*, this 1957 show is the first and still the best television concert: The assemblage includes Billie Holiday, sax men Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and Lester Young; trumpeters Roy



"Judge not, that ye be not judged? Who wrote this filth?"

Eldridge and Doc Cheatham; clarinetists Pee Wee Russell and Jimmy Giuffrè; Count Basie and a hand-picked assortment from his band. Better still, the emphasis is on the casual and informal nature of jazz collaboration, with the musicians dressed in rehearsal clothes and playing in a mostly bare studio, with cameramen frequently visible and the production's seams showing. The results are limber or incandescent, depending on the performers, but glowing throughout.

WKRP in Cincinnati: In "Turkeys Away," station manager Carlson is feeling useless. So he decides to stage a little promotion—no, a great promotion—a Thanksgiving-turkey giveaway at an outdoor mall. He installs newsman Les Nessman for a live report—as a hired helicopter flies overhead and tosses live turkeys onto an unsuspecting audience. Nessman's reactions make it sound like he's reporting on the Hindenburg disaster, as he struggles to describe people being strafed by big fowl. Carlson closes by

—NEIL TESSER



**the city is a
dangerous place—
haven't you thought
about carrying a gun?**



fiction
by lawrence block

THE GUN was smaller than Elliott remembered. At Kennedy, waiting for his bag to come up on the carrousel, he'd been irritated with himself for buying the damned thing. For years now, ever since Pan Am had stranded him in Milan with the clothes he was wearing, he'd made an absolute point of never checking luggage. He'd flown to Miami with his favorite carry-on bag; returning, he'd checked the same bag, all because it now contained a Smith & Wesson revolver and a box of 50 .38-caliber shells.

At least he hadn't had to take a train. "Oh, for Christ's sake," he'd told Huebner, after they'd bought the gun together. "I'll have to take the train back, won't I? I can't get on the plane with a gun in my pocket."

"It's not recommended," Huebner had said. "But all you have to do is check your bag with the gun and shells in it."

"Isn't there a regulation against it?"

"Probably. There's rules against everything. All I know is, I do it all the time, and I never heard of anyone getting into any trouble over it. They scope the checked bags, or at least they're supposed to, but they're looking for bombs. There's nothing very dangerous about a gun locked away in the baggage compartment."

"Couldn't the shells explode?"

"In a fire, possibly. If the plane goes down in flames, the bullets may go off and put a hole in the side of your suitcase."

"I guess I'm being silly."

"Well, you're a New Yorker. You don't know a whole lot about guns."

"No." He'd hesitated. "Maybe I should have bought one of those plastic ones."

"The Glock?" Huebner (continued on page 124)



"Hit a man in the arm with this, you'll take him down. Here, try it. Strike a blow for freedom."

smiled. "It's a nice weapon, and it's probably the one I'll buy next. But you couldn't carry it on a plane."

"But I thought——"

"You thought it would fool the scanners and metal detectors at airport security. It won't. That's hardly the point of it, a big gun like that. No, they replaced a lot of the metal with high-impact plastic to reduce the weight. It's supposed to lessen recoil slightly, too, but I don't know if it does. Personally, I like the looks of it. But it'll show up fine on a scanner if you put it in a carry-on bag, and it'll set off alarms if you walk it through a metal detector." He snorted. "Of course, that didn't keep some idiots from introducing bills banning it in the U.S. Nobody in politics likes to let a fact stand in the way of a grandstand play."

His bag was one of the last ones up. Waiting for it, he worried that there was going to be trouble about the gun. When it came, he had to resist the urge to open the bag immediately and make sure the gun was still there. The bag felt light, and he decided some baggage handler had detected it and appropriated it for his own use.

Nervous, he thought. Scared it's there, scared it's not.

He took a cab home to his Manhattan apartment and left the bag unopened while he made himself a drink. Then he unpacked, and the gun was smaller than he remembered it. He picked it up and felt its weight, and that was greater than he recalled. And it was empty. It would be even heavier fully loaded.

After Huebner had helped him pick out the gun, they'd driven way out on Route 27, where treeless swamps extended for miles in every direction. Huebner pulled off the road a few yards from a wrecked car, its tires missing and most of its window glass gone.

"There's our target," he said. "You find a lot of cars abandoned along this stretch, but you don't want to start shooting up the newer ones."

"Because someone might come back for them?"

Huebner shook his head. "Because there might be a body in the trunk. This is where the drug dealers tend to drop off the unsuccessful competition, but no self-respecting drug dealer would be caught dead in a wreck like this one. You figure it'll be a big enough target for you?"

Embarrassingly enough, he missed

the car altogether with his first shot. "You pulled up on it," Huebner told him. "Probably anticipating the recoil. Don't waste time worrying where the bullets are going yet. Just get used to pointing and firing."

And he got used to it. The recoil was considerable and so was the weight of the gun, but he did get used to both and began to be able to make the shots go where he wanted them to go. After Elliott had used up a full box of shells, Huebner got a pistol of his own from the glove compartment and put a few rounds into the fender of the ruined automobile. Huebner's gun was a nine-millimeter automatic with a clip that held 12 cartridges. It was much larger, noisier and heavier than the .38, and it did far more damage to the target.

"Got a whole lot of stopping power," Huebner said. "Hit a man in the arm with this, you're likely to take him down. Here, try it. Strike a blow for freedom."

The recoil was greater than the .38's, but less so than he would have guessed. Elliott fired off several rounds, enjoying the sense of power. He returned the gun to Huebner, who emptied the clip into the old car.

Driving back, Elliott said, "A phrase you used: 'Strike a blow for freedom.'"

"Oh, you never heard that? I had an uncle used that expression every time he took a drink. They used to say that during Prohibition. You hoisted a few then in defiance of the law, you were striking a blow for freedom."

The gun, the first article Elliott unpacked, was the last he put away.

He couldn't think of what to do with it. Its purchase had seemed appropriate in Florida, where they seemed to have gun shops everywhere. You walked into one and walked out owning a weapon. There was even a town in central Georgia where they'd passed their own local version of gun control, an ordinance requiring the adult population to go about armed. There had never been any question of enforcing the law, he knew; it had been passed as a statement of local sentiment.

Here in New York, guns were less appropriate. They were illegal, to begin with. You could apply for a carry permit, but unless there was some genuine reason connected with your occupation, your application was virtually certain to be denied. Elliott worked in an office

and never carried anything to it or from it but a briefcase filled with papers, nor did his work take him down streets any meaner than the one he lived on. As far as the law was concerned, he had no need for a gun.

Yet he owned one, legally or not. Its possession was at once unsettling and thrilling, like the occasional ounce or so of marijuana secreted in his various living quarters during his 20s. There was something exciting, something curiously estimable, about having that which was prohibited, and at the same time, there was a certain amount of danger connected with its possession.

There ought to be security as well, he thought. He'd bought the gun for his protection in a city that increasingly seemed incapable of protecting its own inhabitants. He turned the gun over, let the empty cylinder swing out, accustomed his fingers to the cool metal.

His apartment was on the 12th floor of a prewar building. Three shifts of doormen guarded the lobby. No other building afforded access to any of his windows, and those near the fire escape were protected by locked window gates, the key to which hung out of reach on a nail. The door to the hallway had two dead-bolt locks, each with its cylinder secured by an escutcheon plate. The door had a steel core and was further reinforced by a Fox police lock.

Elliott had never felt insecure in his apartment, nor were its security measures the result of his own paranoia. They had all been in place when he moved in. And they were standard for the building and the neighborhood.

He passed the gun from hand to hand, at once glad to have it and, like an impulse shopper, wondering why he'd bought it.

Where should he keep it?

The drawer of the night stand suggested itself. He put the gun and the box of shells in it, closed the drawer and went to take a shower.

It was almost a week before he looked at the gun again. He didn't mention it and rarely thought about it. News items would bring it to mind. A hardware-store owner in Rego Park killed his wife and small daughter with an unregistered handgun, then turned the weapon on himself; reading about it in the paper, Elliott thought of the revolver in his night-stand drawer. An honor student was slain in his bedroom by a stray shot from a high-powered assault rifle, and Elliott, watching TV, thought again of his gun.

On the Friday after his return, some item about the shooting of a drug dealer again directed his thoughts to the gun, and it occurred to him that he

(continued on page 160)

BLOW FOR FREEDOM

(continued from page 124)

"He lay and inhaled the smell of metal and machine oil, interesting and not unpleasant."

ought at least to load it. Suppose someone came crashing through his door or used some advance in criminal technology to cut the gates on his windows. If he were reaching hurriedly for a gun, it should be loaded.

He loaded all six chambers. He seemed to remember that you were supposed to leave one chamber empty as a safety measure. Otherwise, the gun might discharge if dropped. Cocking the weapon would presumably rotate the cylinder and ready it for shooting. Still, it wasn't going to fire itself just sitting in his night-stand drawer, was it, now? And if he reached for it, if he needed it in a hurry, he'd want it fully loaded.

If you had to shoot at someone, you didn't want to shoot once or twice and then stop. You wanted to empty the gun.

Had Huebner told him that? Or had someone said it in a movie or on television? It didn't matter, he decided. Either way, it was sound advice.

A few days later, he saw a movie in which the hero, a renegade cop up

against an entrenched drug mob, slept with a gun under his pillow. It was a much larger gun than Elliott's, something like Huebner's big automatic.

"More gun than you really need in your situation," Huebner had told him. "And it's too big and too heavy. You want something you can slip into a pocket. A cannon like this, you'd need a whole shoulder rig or it'd pull at your suit coat something awful."

Not that he'd ever carry it.

That night, he got the gun out of the drawer and put it under his pillow. He thought of the princess who couldn't sleep with a pea under her mattress. He felt a little silly, and he felt, too, some of what he had felt playing with toy guns as a child.

He got the gun from under his pillow and put it back in the drawer, where it belonged. He lay for a long time, inhaling the smell of the gun, metal and machine oil, interesting and not unpleasant.

A masculine scent, he thought. Blend in a little leather and tobacco, maybe a

little horse shit, and you've got something to slap on after a shave. Win the respect of your fellows and drive the women wild.

He never put the gun under his pillow again. But the linen held the scent of the gun, and even after he'd changed the sheets and pillowcases, he could detect the smell on the pillow.

It was not until the incident with the panhandler that he ever carried the gun outside the apartment.

There were panhandlers all over the place, had been for several years now. It seemed to Elliott that there were more of them every year, but he wasn't sure if that was really the case. They were of either sex and of every age and color, some of them proclaiming well-rehearsed speeches on subway cars, some standing mute in doorways and extending paper cups, some asking generally for spare change or specifically for money for food or for shelter or for wine.

Some of them, he knew, were homeless people, ground down by the system. Some belonged in mental institutions. Some were addicted to crack. Some were layabouts, earning more this way than they could at a menial job. Elliott couldn't tell which was which and wasn't sure how he felt about them, his emotions ranging from sympathy to irritation, depending on circumstances.

Sometimes he gave money, sometimes he didn't. He had given up trying to devise a consistent policy and simply followed his impulse of the moment.

One evening, walking home from the bus stop, he encountered a panhandler who demanded money. "Come on," the man said. "Gimme a dollar."

Elliott started to walk past him, but the man moved to block his path. He was taller and heavier than Elliott, wearing a dirty Army jacket, his face partly hidden behind a dense black beard. His eyes, slightly exophthalmic, were fierce.

"Didn't you hear me? Gimme a fuckin' dollar!"

Elliott reached into his pocket, came out with a handful of change. The man made a face at the coins Elliott placed in his hand, then evidently decided the donation was acceptable.

"Thank you kindly," he said. "Have a nice day."

Have a nice day, indeed. Elliott walked on home, nodded to the doorman, let himself into his apartment. It wasn't until he had engaged the locks that he realized his heart was pounding and his hands trembling.

He poured himself a drink. It helped, but it didn't change anything.

Had he been mugged? There was a thin line, he realized, and he wasn't sure if the man had crossed it. He had not been asking for money, he had been demanding it, and the absence of a specific threat did not mean there was no menace in the demand. Elliott, certainly, had given him money out of fear. He'd been intimidated. Unwilling to display his wallet, he'd fished out a batch of coins, including a couple of quarters and a subway token, currently valued at \$1.15.

A small enough price, but that wasn't the point. The point was that he'd been made to pay it. *Stand and deliver*, the man might as well have said. Elliott had stood and delivered.

A block from his own door, for God's sake. A good street in a good neighborhood. Broad daylight.

And you couldn't even report it. Not that anyone reported anything anymore. A friend at work had reported a burglary only because you had to in order to collect on your insurance. The police, he'd said, had taken the report over the phone. "I'll send somebody if you want," the cop had said, "but I've got to tell you, it's a waste of your time and ours." Someone else had been robbed of his watch and wallet at gunpoint and had not bothered reporting the incident. "What's the point?" he'd said.

But even if there were a point, Elliott had nothing to report. A man had asked for money and he'd given it to him. They had a right to ask for money, some judge had ruled. They were exercising their First Amendment right of free speech. Never mind that there had been an un-

voiced threat, that Elliott had paid the money out of intimidation. Never mind that it damn well felt like a mugging.

First Amendment rights. Maybe he ought to exercise his own rights under the Second Amendment—the right to bear arms.

That same evening, he took the gun from the drawer and tried it in various pockets. Unloaded now, he tried tucking it into his belt, first in front, then behind, in the small of his back. He practiced reaching for it, drawing it. He felt foolish, and it was uncomfortable walking around with the gun in his belt like that.

It was comfortable in his right-hand jacket pocket, but the weight of it spoiled the line of the jacket. The pants pocket on the same side was better. He had reached into that pocket to produce the handful of change that had mollified the panhandler. Suppose he had come out with a gun instead?

"Thank you kindly. Have a nice day."

Later, after he'd eaten, he went to the video store on the next block to rent a movie for the evening. He was out the door before he realized he still had the gun in his pocket. It was still unloaded, the six shells lying where he had spilled

them on his bed. He had reached for the keys to lock up and there was the gun.

He got the keys, locked up and went out with the gun in his pocket.

The sensation of being on the street with a gun in his pocket was an interesting one. He felt as though he were keeping a secret from everyone he met, and that the secret empowered him. He spent longer than usual in the video store. Two fantasies came and went. In one, he held up the clerk, brandishing his empty gun and walking out with all the money in the register. In the other, someone else attempted to rob the place and Elliott drew his weapon and foiled the holdup.

Back home, he watched the movie, but his mind insisted on replaying the second fantasy. In one version, the holdup man spun toward him, gun in hand, and Elliott had to face him with an unloaded revolver.

When the movie ended, he reloaded the gun and put it back in the drawer.

The following evening, he carried the gun, loaded this time. The night after that was a Friday, and when he got home from the office, he put the gun in his pocket almost without thinking about it. He went out for a bite of dinner, then played cards at a friend's apartment a



"You're lucky. I don't usually do this on my first date unless I really need a bath."

dozen blocks away. They played, as always, for low stakes, but Elliott was the big winner. Another player joked that he had better take a cab home.

"No need," he said. "I'm armed and dangerous."

He walked home, and on the way, he stopped at a bar and had a couple of beers. Some people at a table near where he stood were talking about a recent outrage, a young advertising executive in Greenwich Village shot dead while using a pay phone around the corner from his apartment. "I'll tell you something," one of the party said. "I'm about ready to start carrying a gun."

"You can't, legally," someone said.

"Screw legally."

"So a guy tries something and you shoot him and you're the one winds up in trouble."

"I'll tell you something," the man said. "I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six."



He carried the gun the whole weekend. It never left his pocket. He was at home much of the time, watching a ball game on television, catching up with his bookkeeping, but he left the house several times each day and always had the gun on his person.

He never drew it, but sometimes he would put his hand in his pocket and let his fingers curl around the butt of it. He

found its presence increasingly reassuring. If anything happened, he was ready.

And he didn't have to worry about an accidental discharge. The chamber under the hammer was unloaded. He had worked all that out. If he dropped the gun, it wouldn't go off. But if he cocked it and worked the trigger, it would fire.

When he took his hand from his pocket and held it to his face, he could smell the odor of the gun on his fingers. He liked that.

By Monday morning, he had grown used to the gun. It seemed perfectly natural to carry it to the office.

On the way home, not that night but the following night, the same aggressive panhandler accosted him. His routine had not changed. "Come on," he said. "Gimme a dollar."

Elliott's hand was in his pocket, his fingers touching the cold metal.

"Not tonight," he said.

Maybe something showed in his eyes.

"Hey, that's cool," the panhandler said. "You have a good day just the same." And stepped out of his path.



A week or so after that, he was riding the subway, coming home late after dinner with married friends in Forest Hills. He had a paperback with him, but he couldn't concentrate on it, and he realized that the two young men across the car from him were looking him over, siz-

ing him up. They were wearing untied basketball sneakers and warm-up jackets and looked street smart, and dangerous. He was wearing the suit he'd worn to the office and had a briefcase beside him; he looked prosperous and vulnerable.

The car was almost empty. There was a derelict sleeping a few yards away, a woman with a small child all the way down at the other end. One of the pair nudged the other, then turned his eyes toward Elliott again.

Elliott took the gun out of his pocket. He held it on his lap and let them see it, then put it back in his pocket.

The two of them got off at the next station, leaving Elliott to ride home alone.

When he got home, he took the gun from his pocket and set it on the night stand. (He no longer bothered tucking it in the drawer.) He went into the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror.

"Fucking thing saved my life," he said.



One night, he took a woman friend to dinner. Afterward, they went back to her place and wound up in bed. At one point, she got up to use the bathroom, and while she was up, she hung up her own clothing and went to put his pants on a hanger.

"These weigh a ton," she said. "What have you got in here?"

"See for yourself," he said. "But be careful."

"My God. Is it loaded?"

"They're not much good if they're not."

"My God."

He told her how he'd bought it in Florida, how it had now become second nature for him to carry it. "I'd feel naked without it," he said.

"Aren't you afraid you'll get into trouble?"

"I look at it this way," he told her. "I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six."



One night, two men cut across the avenue toward him while he was walking home from his Friday card game. Without hesitation, he drew the gun.

"Whoa!" the nearer of the two sang out. "Hey, it's cool, man. Thought you were somebody else is all."

They veered off, gave him a wide berth.

Thought I was somebody else, he thought. Thought I was a victim, is what you thought.



There were stores around the city that sold police equipment. Books to study for the sergeant's exam. Copies of the latest revised penal code. A T-shirt that read, N.Y.P.D. HOMICIDE SQUAD. OUR DAY BEGINS WHEN YOUR DAY ENDS.

He stopped in and didn't buy anything, then returned for a kit to clean his

gun. He hadn't fired it yet, except in Florida, but it seemed as though he ought to clean it from time to time, anyway. He took the kit home and unloaded the gun and cleaned it, working an oiled patch of cloth through the short barrel. When he was finished, he put everything away and reloaded the gun.

He liked the way it smelled, freshly cleaned with gun oil.

A week later, he returned and bought a bulletproof vest. They had two types, one significantly more expensive than the other. Both were made of Kevlar, whatever that was.

"Your more expensive one provides you with a little more protection," the proprietor explained. "Neither one's gonna stop a shot from an assault rifle. The real high-powered rounds, concrete don't stop 'em. This here, though, it provides the most protection available, plus it provides protection against a knife thrust. Neither one's a sure thing to stop a knife, but this here's reinforced."

He bought the better vest.



One night, lonely and sad, he unloaded the gun and put the barrel to his temple. His finger was inside the trigger guard, curled around the trigger.

You weren't supposed to dry-fire the gun. It was bad for the firing pin to squeeze off a shot when there was no cartridge in the chamber.

Quit fooling around, he told himself.

He cocked the gun, then took it away from his temple. He uncocked it, put the barrel in his mouth. That was how cops did it when they couldn't take it anymore. Eating your gun, they called it.

He didn't like the taste, the metal, the gun oil. Liked the smell but not the taste.

He loaded the gun and quit fooling around.

A little later, he went out. It was late, but he didn't feel like sitting around the apartment, and he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep. He wore the Kevlar vest—he wore it all the time lately—and, of course, he had the gun in his pocket.

He walked around, with no destination in mind. He stopped for a beer but drank only a few sips of it, then headed out to the street again. The moon came into view, and he wasn't surprised to note that it was full.

He had his hand in his pocket, touching the gun. When he breathed deeply, he could feel the vest drawn tight around his chest. He liked the sensation.

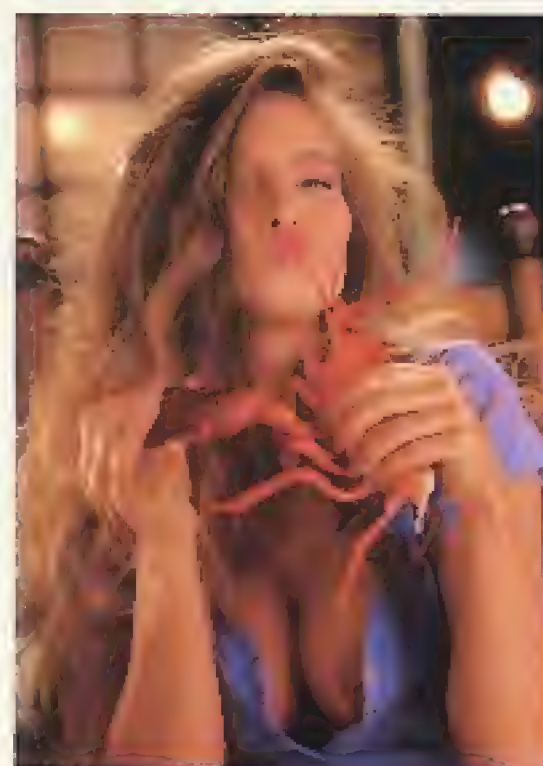
When he reached the park, he hesitated. Years ago, back when the city was safe, you knew not to walk in the park at night. It was dangerous even then. It could hardly be otherwise now, when every neighborhood was a jungle.

So? If anything happened, if anybody tried anything, he was ready.





FOR THE FIRST two decades of her life, Cheryl Bachman stayed around her home town. Jacksonville, Florida, had everything she wanted as a kid—sun and beaches, family and friends. She bounced between her mom's house in town and the suburban home nearby where her older sister was starting her own family. The two strong women—Cheryl counts them as her “best friends in the whole world”—encouraged the pretty baby of the family to get out and make something of her life. “They kept telling me that if I sat around, nothing was going to happen. They knew I could do anything I wanted to do if I set my mind to it.” They were right. A few months shy of her 21st birthday, Cheryl set mind and body on modeling—leading, she hopes, to an acting career on screens large and small. In short order, the hesitant beauty queen won a local swimsuit pageant and traveled across the peninsular state to compete in the finals. In Clearwater, 200 miles from Jacksonville, she remembers, “I cried myself to sleep every night. I had never been that far from home.” Recalling her first wobbly steps to independence, Cheryl giggles with abandon. “I thought, Oh, my goodness! What am I doing?” She was doing just fine, thank you—made it to the top 20—and grows more confident with each passing month. From Clearwater, she was flown to Jamaica for a modeling job, and from there, she jetted to Los Angeles for her first stay at Playboy Mansion West. Her plane arrived at night. Early the next morning, she took her first look at the city where she hopes to make her dreams come true. “I was in shock,” she says, wide-eyed at the memory. “That was the first time I’d ever seen mountains. I was like, ‘Look! There really *are* houses up on the hills! Look! There’s the HOLLYWOOD sign!’ It felt like I was in a movie just being here.” Back in town this summer—her fifth trip to L.A. in five months—Cheryl relaxed in a girlfriend’s apartment and talked about a future so bright she’ll have to wear shades. “I know everybody in this city wants to be an actor or an actress—it’s such a cliché! But when I do something, I like to do it with a little difference. I don’t want to be like everybody else.” Closing in on her 22nd birthday, Cheryl has her



COMING OF AGE

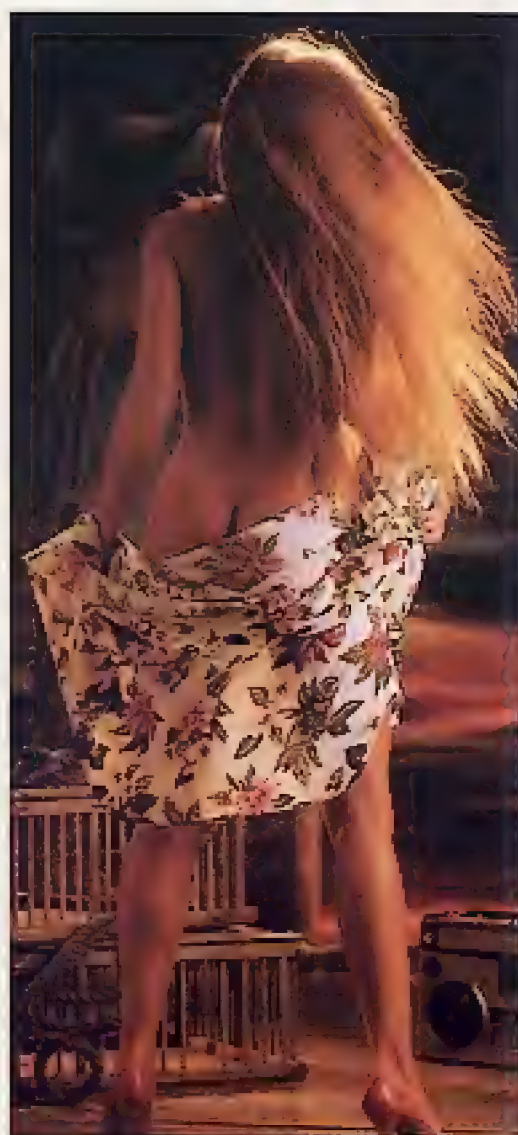
miss october, florida's cheryl bachman, goes national in a big way

Cameras love Cheryl, and vice versa. After taping some commercial spots for a local daytime talk show in Jacksonville, Cheryl was offered an expanded role on the program. Now storming the career trail in Los Angeles, Miss October hopes to schedule more time for her hometown fans next year. With *Midday Live* host Bill Carter (in suit, right), Cheryl flashes the smile that wows fellow Floridians. “I like showing off the city,” she reports.





"I love hot days and hot nights," Cheryl says. Adjusting to L.A.'s chilly evenings has her longing for Florida. "I have all these great little outfits I don't want to hide under a big coat!"



sights set on horror-movie stardom. "I want to be the last character left alive—the one who has to go through all the struggles. At the end, people will be watching me and going, 'Look out! Get out of there!' The weird part about it is that I'm a real scaredy cat! I can sit through the scariest movie, but somebody had better hold my hand." Holding her hand recently on MTV was steamy Latin rapper Gerardo, who spotted Cheryl in an L.A. dance club and separated himself from a dozen women to get to her side. The attention she attracts doesn't faze Miss October. "Looks count," she concludes, "but personality makes you fall in love."







Formerly shy, an ex-introvert, Cheryl Bachman is all strength and confidence these days. You can tell by the look in her eyes. Or by listening: "I thrive on attention. If we're going to be together, I want you to show me by holding on to me, touching me, staying close."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cheryl Bachman

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 11-18-69 BIRTHPLACE: Jacksonville, Florida

AMBITIONS: To be an actress and win an Oscar -
Same Old thing! But most of all to be happy!

TURN-ONS: men with long hair, cowboy boots,
leather, snuggling, SEX!!!

TURN-OFFS: traffic, busy signals on the telephone,
indecision, Rain, people who lie.

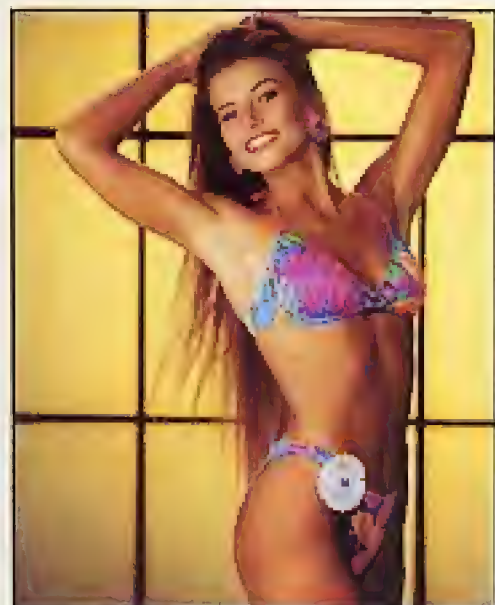
IF YOU SEE ME: Dancing at a club in Hollywood -
Don't come up and grab me like you know
me! Talk to me. Take your time....

IF YOU KNEW ME: You'd know I'm a girl
who's Country Sweet and City Smart.

THE MAN I LOVE IS: Beautiful to look at,
Great to talk with, WILD IN BED.

MY WORST NIGHTMARE: going out without make-up.

FAVORITE BED TREATS: Having my toes sucked!
mmm



Bikini Madness!



"OH, NO,
"I LOST"



with my Kr9

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the suburbanite walked toward his house, he saw the young man from next door out washing his car. "Hey, fella," the older man said, "my daughter was talking in her sleep last night and she said you've been fucking her. Is that true?"

"Well, yeah."

"You motherfucker!" the enraged father exploded.

"Wait a minute," the young man said. "Do *all* the people in your family talk in their sleep?"

We understand that Buddha walked up to a hot-dog stand and asked if they could make him One with Everything.



"I've got some good news and some bad news," the physician told his patient. "The bad news is that you have a very serious disease. On average, one in ten with this condition survives."

"What's the good news?" the patient asked.

"The last nine patients I had with this disease died."

What did the Indians say when they first saw the Pilgrims? "Oh, great. Boat people."

God became so fed up with the state of international affairs that He decided to destroy the world. He asked George Bush, Mikhail Gorbachev and Yitzhak Shamir to tell their people in their own way.

President Bush went on prime-time TV. "My fellow Americans, I have good news and bad news. The good news is, there is a God. The bad news is, He is going to destroy the world."

President Gorbachev made his announcement at a meeting of the Politburo. "Comrades, I have bad news and worse news. The bad news is, there is a God. The worse news is that He is going to destroy the world."

Prime Minister Shamir spoke before the Knesset. "My fellow Israelis, I have good news and great news. The good news is, there is a God. The great news is that there will be no Palestinian state."

Playboy's Bonthead of the Month Award goes to the person who saw the rest-room graffito ONE NIGHT STAND. \$20, called the number listed underneath and spoke to a very nice woman who was selling bedroom furniture.

When her five-year-old daughter began asking questions about the facts of life, the mother carefully explained how babies were made. For several days, the child went over this fascinating new material with her mother. "So the sperm from Daddy fertilizes the ovum from Mommy and the baby is carried in Mommy's tummy."

"That's right, honey," her mother said.

"But how does the sperm get there?" she asked. "Does Mommy swallow it?"

"If Mommy wants a new cocktail dress, she does," came the reply.

How many bodybuilders does it take to screw in a light bulb? Three: one to screw it in and two to chant, "You're looking huge, man, you're looking huge."

We hear that an enterprising travel agency is prepared to cash in on a post-Desert Storm revival of Middle East tourism by offering a Persian Gulf travel package. The highlight will be unlimited admission to Iraq's newly constructed 270,000-hole golf course.



After enjoying an excellent meal in a London restaurant, Holmes and Watson were relaxing while waiting for their dessert.

"Holmes, five gets you ten if you can tell the profession of that man," challenged Watson, pointing to a doddering old gentleman seated beside a young woman who was downing oysters from a huge platter.

"In that case, Watson, you'd better pay up," replied Holmes, "for that man is clearly a taxidermist."

"Amazing!" Watson exclaimed. "But how did you know?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. The boulder is obviously stuffing the bird before mounting her."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"I'm not sure how this all got started, but I think
your people called my people. . . ."*



"What kind of pocket translator is this? It doesn't even have the French word for blow job!"

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

the n.c.a.a.'s heartland conference
takes on an eleventh sister
and scores a perfect ten



THE NEWS may have ticked off typesetters and logo makers nationwide, but last year, it became official: Penn State University had jumped the fence, joining forces with the N.C.A.A.'s legendary Big Ten conference. Just the idea of a new-and-improved (if unofficially dubbed) Big Eleven raised more than a few eyebrows. "People began asking, 'Does it stop here?'" says a Big Ten spokeswoman, "or is this just the beginning? Will there soon be a *superconference*?" Intrigued, we hit the road.

Geographically, the Big Ten cuts a healthy swath into the Midwest, just below the country's Great Lakes hairline. Now encompassing eight states, the popular conference is best known for rough-and-tumble play on the football field. But, frankly, we were more interested in the off-field players—specifically, the ones who look lousy in helmets but terrific in skirts. Would Penn State's arrival onto the Big Ten scene also boost the conference's beauty quotient? To find out, we asked Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to fire up their cameras and do a little investigating. They returned with something a tad more inspiring than *Barron's Profiles of American Colleges*—and a tad more fun.

In keeping with the back-to-school spirit, we're also inviting you to help us select a special homecoming queen. To find out how you can vote for your favorite Big Ten beauty and maybe even score some serious prizes (\$5000 for her to further her education, \$5000 and a home entertainment center for you), turn to page 191. But check out the competition first.

Perfectly embodying the beauty and charm of the Big Ten is U of Wisconsin's Park Morgan (top), a jeanswear designer, local cover girl and recent Miss Hawaiian Tropic International finalist. Working toward a degree in economics, Park has been known to spend down time water-skiing and sky diving. Another go-getter is Purdue's Lesley Mitchell (far left), a future adwoman with a thing for trucks, guys and "roughing it." Originally from California, Lesley feels especially at home at Purdue: Both of her parents teach there. Now say hi to Ohio State's Cindy Cooper (left), an honor student planning a career as a defense attorney. A native of Lawrence, Kansas, Cindy appears frequently in the local media alongside her dad, John, who is the Buckeyes' football coach. Brags Cindy, "He is the role model in my life." Opposite, check out the celebration, as the gang at Michigan State welcomes the Big Ten's newest addition, Penn State, to the conference. Moving clockwise from bottom center are: Lisa Early (hand in pocket), Amanda Rice, Natalie Ann Bogusky, Heather Johnson, Trista Mowry, Heather Moody, Kelly Cochran and Michelle Halsey. You'll see more of Misses Bogusky and Johnson later on.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECHEY



WELCOME TO

THE **BIG 10** PENN STATE

THE
SPARTANS
WILL KICK
YOUR ASS

BIG
10
PENN
STATE

MSU

Penn State

EAE



Talk about busy! Since enrolling at Ohio State, Wahlea Michelle Bradley (left) has already taken honors courses and landed on the pages of the 1991 Women of the Scarlet and Gray calendar. A dancer, singer and swimsuit model, Wahlea would eventually like to become a journalist. (Wish we were hiring.) From the U of Minnesota comes Malinda Peters (bottom left), an outdoorswoman who hails from Dubuque, Iowa. An early riser who likes to stay up late, Malinda has no patience for rude people, frat parties and "men who try too hard." Below is Karen Rossetto, a dynamo from the U of Illinois. "Everything in life should be done at a one-hundred-percent level," says Karen, boasting that she had recently tried bungee jumping in California.





NORTHWESTERN

U of Iowa's Sandra Gooding (below) has narrowed her career choices to two—grade school teacher or model—but when it comes to romance, she's still compiling data: "I dislike guys who are stuck on themselves," she explains, "but I do like lots and lots of compliments." Got that? Kristin Herold (right) is a native New Yorker who divides her time among classes at Ohio State, beach bumming and hanging out with the boys. "I love guys," she says. "They're fun, easygoing and they all look out for me." Northwestern's Cynthia Lane (bottom right) wants to practice medicine or genetic counseling. Otherwise, she's content biding time with crossword puzzles, oldies music and—sorry, guys—her husband.





When she's not in class, Ohio State's Tamika Sherman (far left) likes to play sports, to work out and to meet new people. Her favorite type of suitor? "I love the mature ones." Although U of Michigan's Sara Jane Zeilstra (left) is majoring in mechanical engineering, don't be too quick to peg her as the overly serious type. "I like someone who's fun to be with," says the Grand Rapids, Michigan, native, "someone who makes me laugh." Lounging below is Ohio State's Leslie Ward, a Louisville, Kentucky, girl who fesses up to a passionate "thirst for knowledge." Lest you think she's all brains, no brawn, be advised: The lady also lifts weights.

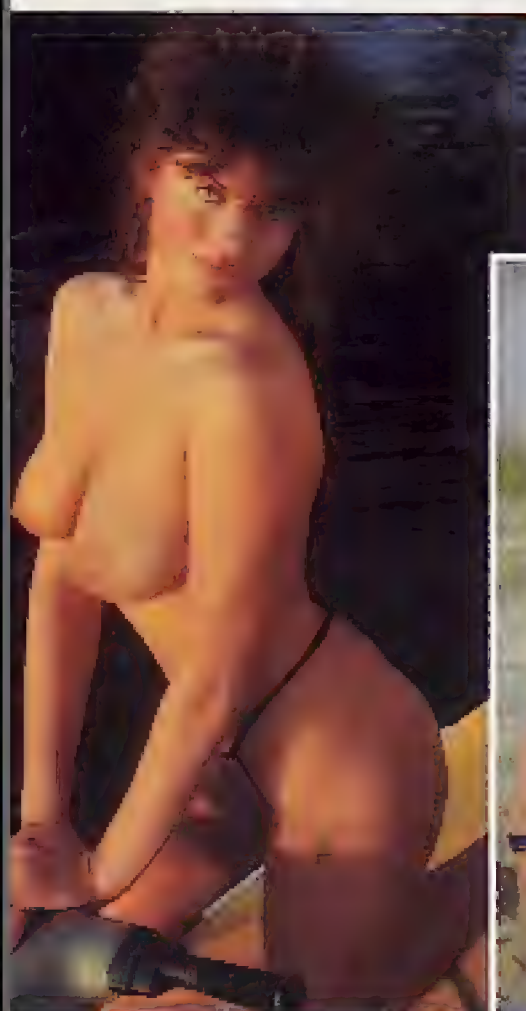


"Believe it or not," says Penn State's Betty Lauder (top), "I love to study." A poly-sci major who has made the dean's list, Betty has double-barreled ambitions: "to become a corporate lawyer and a Playboy Playmate." Northwestern's Mara Dionne Brock (above) is one opinionated lady. Her loves: cowboy boots, horoscopes and her pit bull, Tara. Her peeves: racism, bugs and "wearing bras." On men, Mara takes a line from the guys: "I'm a leg woman." Purdue's Brigitte Carlson (right) likes her men tall, dark, handsome—and Italian. She avoids those who are, uh, "too nice."





Chicago-born Lindsey Kalcheim (left) is a Northwestern University student and a true-blue Madonna fan who dreams of starring in a movie with the rock goddess. But Lindsey parts ways with Madonna in the conduct department. "I'm a typical goody-goody," she admits. "I live life strictly by the rules." The U of Minnesota's Pamela Murphy (bottom left) plans to enter the sobering world of chemical engineering, but we'd be hard-pressed to call her conventional. She likes to box, has a fondness for lizards and is turned off by psychology majors. Hmmm. What would Freud say? To Pam's right is U of Michigan's Lisa Engelman, an actress, runner, painter and lover of "romantic moments." Hint: Poetry and candy will help.



"I can't believe anybody would think I could be a model," says Linda Zinger (above), a figure skater, dance enthusiast and neurosurgeon-to-be from Indiana U. "On the street, no one would even notice me." We beg to differ, Linda. Ready to enter the data-crunching field of sociological research is Andy Mitchell (facing page, top left), a recent Indiana U grad. A born-and-bred Midwesterner (Bloomington, Indiana) who likes cats, classical music and lacrosse, Andy tells us her dad is a professional photographer. We wonder what he thinks of our work here. Although Ashley Brooks (right) came to the U of Iowa all the way from Salem, Oregon, she's still every bit the hometown girl, calling her family "very close and loving." Ashley fans, take note: "I love honest, friendly men with hairy chests."



There must be something about the Big Ten that brings out the ambition in you, and here's a trio that proves just that: U of Wisconsin's Soumaya Young (top) is headed for broadcast journalism; U of Michigan's Tracey Phillips (below Soumaya) wants to be a professor of classical archaeology; and Northwestern's Jennifer Nagle (above) has her sights fixed on a top law school. And who said the Midwest was plain vanilla?

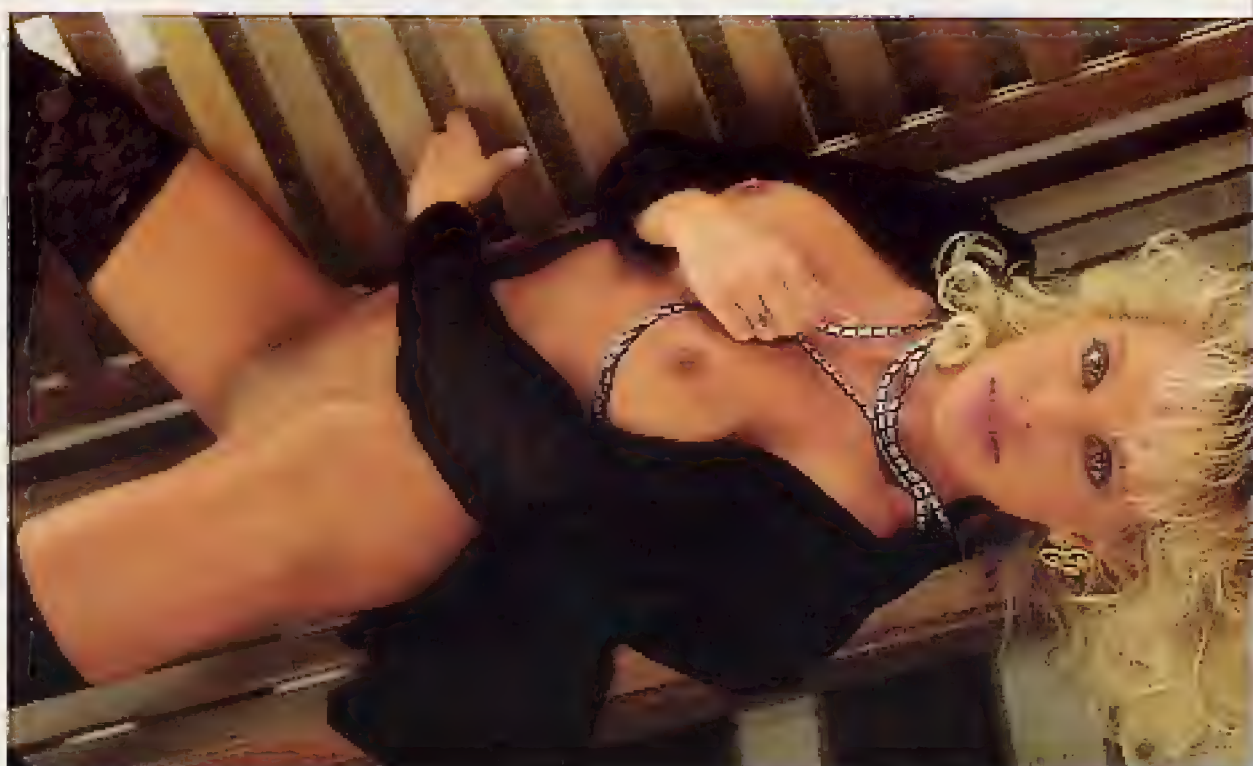


From the U of Wisconsin comes a dazzling duo whose career paths will probably never cross. After graduation, Wichita-born Carrie Schieble (above left) plans to sail into the shoulder-padded world of advertising or law, where she'll likely wind up with her dream car, a red BMW; meanwhile, Angelique Martin (above center) is a hiker, camper and woodswoman who can't imagine "being cooped up inside an office." Then there are those who get turned on by otherworldly endeavors—such as Nicole De Santes (above right), a Penn Stater who hopes to work for NASA. Nicole's time killers: listening to heavy metal, going for motorcycle spins and "taking things apart and attempting to put them back together." Chenoa Parr (below) is a Toronto transplant at the U of Minnesota. Communication seems to be Chenoa's thing: She likes reading books in French, prefers straight-talking men and hopes for a career in international diplomacy.





Gabrielle D'Alemberte (above) came to the U of Iowa from Miami—and has yet to slow down. A former member of the Pompon Squad and a Gamma Phi Beta sorority sister, she has auditioned for Santa Barbara and would love to be a Laker Girl. Does Shauna McCarty (top right) look familiar? Yep, she was one of our Women of the Women's Colleges (April 1991) before transferring to Northwestern from Wheaton College in Massachusetts. Shauna's still bent on seeing her name in lights. Michigan State's Amy Lorentzen (below Shauna) is an uptown girl with down-home sensibilities. Born in New York City, she's a nature lover, Jack Kerouac devotee and future world-class photographer. Tracy Robinson (right) is studying criminal justice at Indiana U but confesses, "I get bored easily." What keeps her inspired? "Polite men who dress well."





Once again, here's Michigan State's Heather Johnson (top left), who will one day practice law but currently practices karate. When we asked Heather what kind of man she likes, she cut right to the chase: "Number sixty-nine on the MSU football team." Gathered round the beloved Nittany Lions mascot is a septet from the Big Ten's new little sister, Penn State. Moving clockwise from bottom center are: April Lynne O'Connor, Judy Smith, Vicki Norton, Kathleen Lazar, Sandra Wanesky, Christine Kroczyński and Katy Machinski. Our other MSU encore, Natalie Ann Bogusky (below), dreams of opening a fashion boutique. Her dream man? "He's rugged, sexy and doesn't spend more time looking in the mirror than at me."

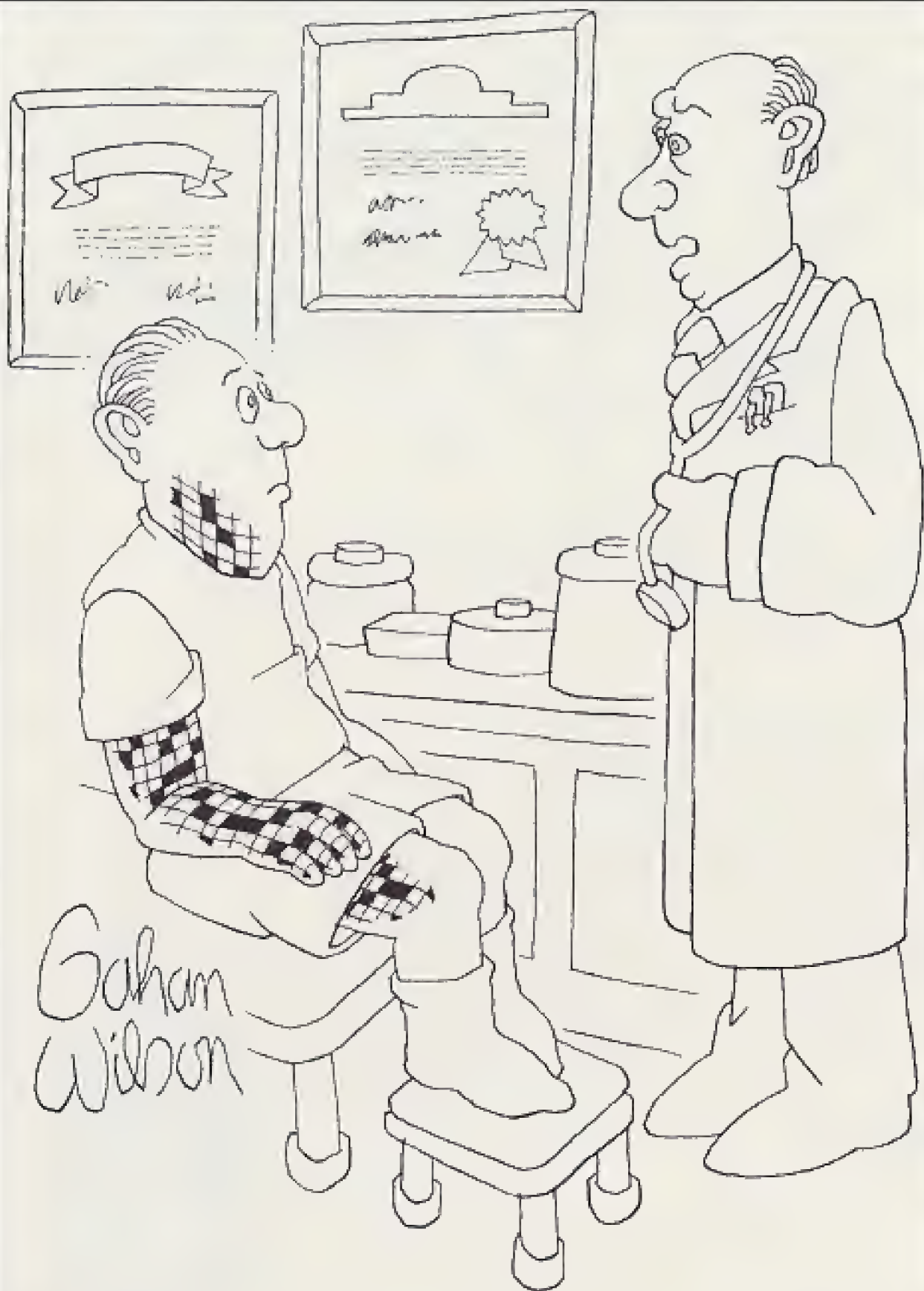


Roller blading, kittens and sunsets on the lake are only a few of the things that strike the fancy of U of Minnesota's Jennifer Price (above). On affairs of the heart, she's a little more discriminating: "Jealous guys are the pits," she says, "but I love men in red convertibles." Finally, here's Ohio State's Kimberly Paul (right), whose current plans include graduating, traveling the world and "settling down as a schoolteacher and wife." We look forward to the home-coming, Kim.





"His father didn't need a computer to figure out who to screw next."



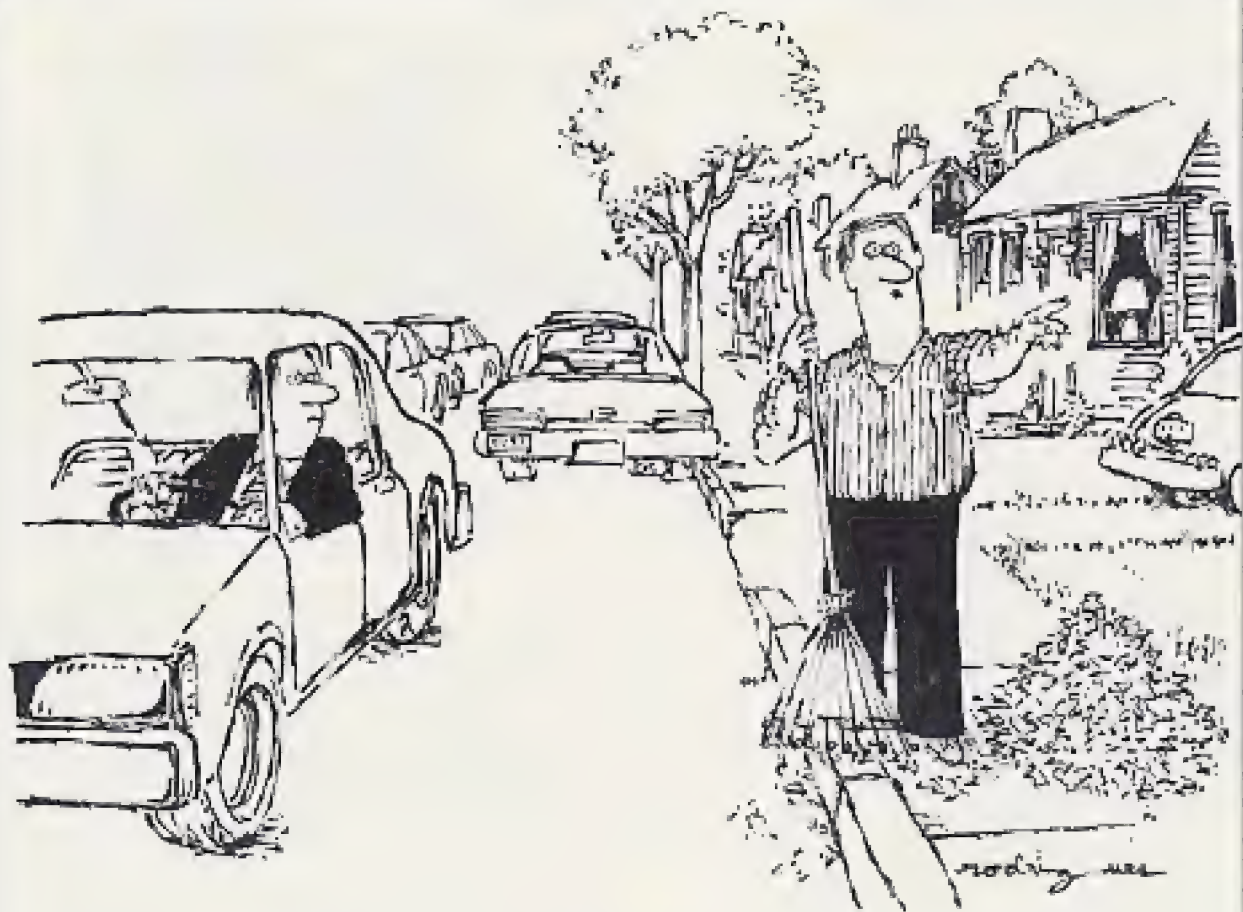
"Very few people are aware that the 'New York Times' Sunday crossword puzzle is contagious."



"Boy, if Harvey knew I could blow his dingdong off at thirty yards, he'd flip!"



*"But if you buy me dinner, I may feel that to express
my gratitude, I should have sex with you."*



*"There's Mandy's over in Milford, a house of ill repute that has
an excellent reputation."*

GRAPEVINE

More than Meets the Eye

Actress LISA SAXTON was in *The Forbidden Dance* . . . *Is Lambada* and is co-starring in *Ring of Fire*. She talked with Rick Dees on *Into the Night*, but we like best the question posed by the ABC Eyewitness News segment Lisa was on: "Does Sex Sell?" Yes, Lisa, yes.



ANDY PEARLMAN

A Knees Tease

Actress ELENA SAHAGUN has been on the big and small screens in *Marked for Death*, *Quantum Leap* and *Naked Obsession*. Elena's got us obsessing, too.



© DAN GOLDEN

Hip, Flip and Full of Lip

There are a couple of WILL SMITHs. With his partner, DJ Jazzy Jeff, he's the Fresh Prince with a new LP, *Homebase*. On TV, the Fresh Prince lives in Bel Air. Altogether, he's one cool dude.



PAUL MATTHEW PHOTO RESERVE INC

Heavy but Not Too Weighty

Critics call the English funk group the BRAND NEW HEAVIES the real deal. If the shows they did in New York and LA, are proof, you will, too. Until they play more clubs, check out the self-titled debut LP and get down.



© NICK CHARLES

The New Dad Fad

Who else but Rhino Records would have found a musical home for the likes of BIG DADDY, whose third album, *Cutting Their Own Groove*, is full of Fifties doo-wop versions of everything from *Ice Ice Baby* to *Like a Virgin*. Recently, the guys played the L.A. club scene. We hope they hit the road.



© ROBERT MATHEU



© PAUL RIDER

Cage Unbarred

Actor NICOLAS CAGE's recent video is sure to cause talk. Already being called the 9½ Weeks of the Nineties, *Zandalee* co-stars Judge Reinhold and Erika Anderson. Cage plays an obsessed lover, a pull-out-all-the-stops part.

© LUCHRIS/RDR PRODUCTIONS

Anna Maria Puts the Pedal to the Metal and We All Cheer

ANNA MARIA GOSTANIAN is English and a model, but her passion is cycling. An activist in the London Cycling Campaign, she bikes for health, for the environment and to meet guys. She has met thousands.





SEND IN THE KLOWNS

"There's nothing more frightening than a clown after midnight," the late Lon Chaney once remarked. And Chaney should know, since he played the grinning top-hatted monster in *London After Midnight*. Although no prints of the film survive, Death Studios in La Porte, Indiana (219-362-4321), has created the Chaney character, Midnight, from old stills, and he can walk the streets again for \$114, postpaid (including the top hat). Or if you'd rather be a clown this Halloween, there is Death Studios' Fatso and Slim, the two evil stars of *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*, a low-budget science-fiction thriller directed by the Chiodo brothers. Slim is \$98.50; Fatso is \$83.50, postpaid. Take two, they're large.



IT'S STILL A JUNGLE OUT THERE

In December 1989, *Potpourri* featured an unusual South American resort named La Selva located deep in the Ecuadorian jungle. Now La Selva's American owners, Eric and Maggie Schwartz, have introduced The Amazon Light Brigade, a jungle camping safari that Hemingway would have loved. By day, you travel with a guide down paths and streams of high—but safe—adventure. At dusk, you arrive at a campsite where your tent has been pitched, and drinks and an elegant dinner await. At dawn, you move on (La Selva's staff packs up the camp) to enjoy the region's spectacular flora and fauna. A six-day Light Brigade adventure costs \$1200 (not including air fare to Quito). For more information, call La Selva from the States at 011-593-2-550-995. Or write to the Schwartzes at 6 De Diciembre, Quito, Ecuador. Charge!

PET ON A SWEAT

Think your favorite four-footed friend looks like you—or vice versa? Have your pet painted on a sweat. Lois Karhinen Signashirts etc. . . , P.O. Box 811, Grand Island, New York 14072, specializes in immortalizing pets on the front or back of a sweat shirt. Yes, you can wash the shirt, and all Karhinen needs is a clear photo or two of your animal (the eyes must show), your size and a check for \$45, plus postage and handling. Woof!



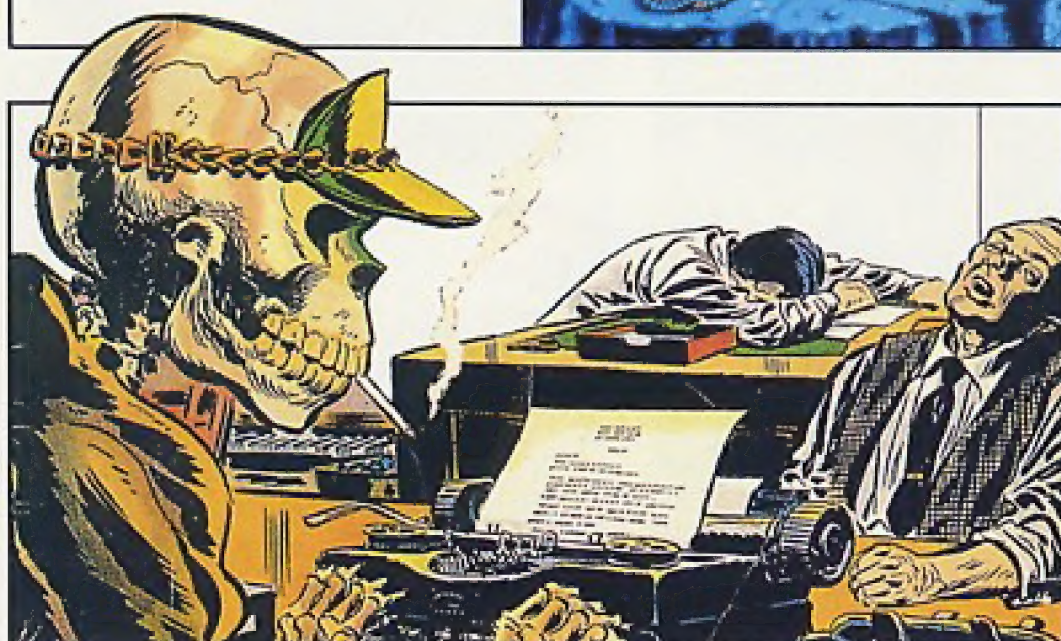
UP IN COOKIE SMOKE

If you're in surroundings where a stinking stogie is not going to ingratiate you to your fellow man, try firing up an aromatic Tinder Box Private Stock cigar. The scent of the smoke is vanilla (some people think it smells like cookies baking), but Private Stock still tastes like a real cigar. Two other scents, café espresso and amaretto, also are available. A box of 25 cigars costs about \$20 at Tinder Box stores nationwide. Don't eat 'em, smoke 'em.



FANTASTIC FANTASIA

Mickey, the Sorcerer's Apprentice, is asleep in the master's dungeon when a wicked wind from Bald Mountain scatters musical notes throughout Fantasia. Is this a remake of the Disney film of the same name? Nope. Sega of America has recently introduced a \$49.95 video game of *Fantasia* for its Genesis system; and if you ever wanted to see Mickey Mouse get splatted by dancing hippos, here's your chance. Lots of luck looking for the lost notes on Bald Mountain.



THE HORROR OF IT ALL

"The rotted, decayed thing grinned . . . reaching outward! Its flesh crawled with the slime of death!" Arrrrgh. That passage from *Tales from the Crypt*, December 1952, is just one of the milder excerpts in *Horror Comics: The Illustrated History*, available from Taylor Publishing in Dallas for \$23.95, postpaid. (Call 800-275-8188 for a credit-card order.) Other books in the ten-volume *History of Comics* series will feature superheros and science fiction.

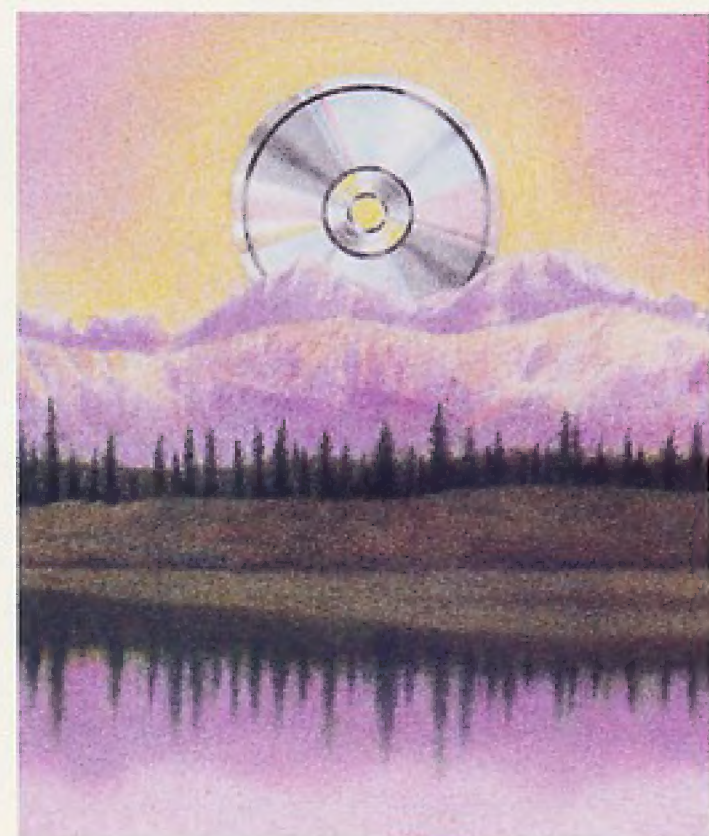
YOUR MOVE, MONTANA

The Gridiron Chess Set blends fine craftsmanship and humor. The coach is the king and the quarterback is the queen. Rooks are wide receivers, knights are tight ends, bishops are running backs and the lowly pawns are linemen, of course. All pieces are hand-crafted out of 24-kt.-gold-plated pewter and the board is made of artificial turf. The price: \$659, postpaid, sent to Procreations, 340 Old Mill Road, #85, Santa Barbara, California 93110. Hike!



CRY OF THE LAND

Recording artist Bernie Krause is perhaps the world's only bio-acoustic musician naturalist. As such, he has tramped the globe recording sounds of the earth using digital and Dolby SR technology. Current releases include *Amazon Days*, *Amazon Nights*, *Dawn at Trout Lake*, *Green Meadow Stream*, *Natural Voices/African Song Cycle*, *Woodland Journey* and *Ocean Wonders*. For more info or to order, call 800-473-WILD. Postpaid prices from \$12.50 (cassettes) to \$18.50 (CDs).



PISSER OF A POSTER

Remember *The Modern Man's Guide to Life*, which we published back in December 1987? Sure you do. It featured a whimsical illustration by artist Dave Calver of a debonair chap in coat and tails taking a whizz. Now, by popular request, we've made Calver's artwork titled *Elegance* into a 24" x 18" poster that would look terrific framed over your porcelain throne. And the price is also a real pisser of a good deal—\$19.50, postpaid. To order, call our Special Editions Limited number, 800-345-6066.



ELEGANCE

NEXT MONTH



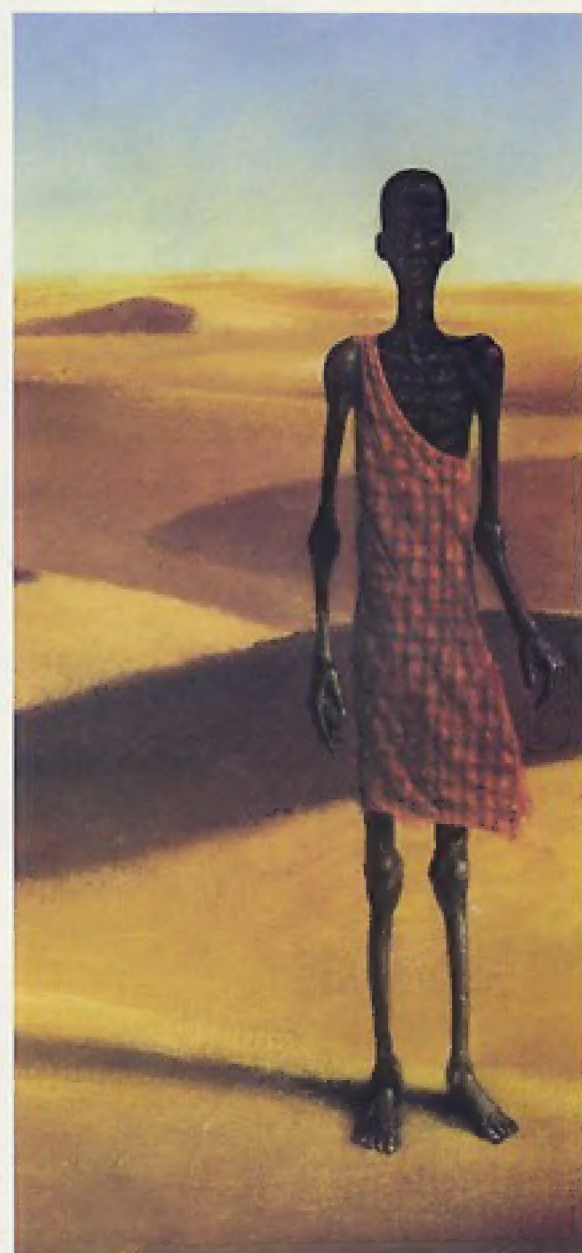
SECRET CELEBRITY



BOTTOMS UP



SINFUL CINEMA



FAMINE CYCLE

"BOTTOMS UP"—A COLLEGE GRAD LEARNS A LESSON FROM A COUPLE OF STREET-WISE STRIPPERS WHO JUST HAPPEN TO BE HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS—FICTION BY **MARSHALL BOSWELL**

SEAN PENN DEFENDS HIS *PAPARAZZO* PUNCH AND SHATTERS HIS BAD-BOY IMAGE AS HE SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON HIS EX, HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT, FATHERHOOD AND DOING TIME IN A BRASH **"PLAYBOY INTERVIEW"**

"AN ENTIRELY MAN-MADE DISASTER"—A SEARING EXPOSÉ OF HOW POLITICS, BUREAUCRACY AND ARROGANCE COMBINE TO REAP A HARVEST OF HUMAN LIVES IN AFRICA—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

"WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES"—A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF **KITTY KELLEY'S** DUEL WITH THE FIRST FAMILY—BY **GERALD GARDNER**

"SEX IN CINEMA"—THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA MISBEHAVIN' GOING ON IN THIS YEAR'S MOVIES. IF YOU MISSED THE HOTTEST MOMENTS ON THE BIG SCREEN, CATCH UP WITH OUR SCINTILLATING RECAP. TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

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